

KINKY COUGARS ON THE PROWL - LOOK OUT!

PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

MAIDEN VOYAGES:

TEAM PLAYER
SLOW ROW
BACKDOOR BABE

MILFS:

MOMMY MIXER
MY BFF'S MILF
BETTER THAN BEFORE

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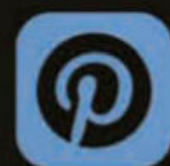
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LETTERS



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Cover Girl: 2018 Penthouse Pet Of The Year, Gina Valentina

HAPPY New Year to all your *Penthouse Letters* readers. We hope you have written down your resolutions (sex-related, of course), and are sticking to them. After the holidays, we all feel a bit sluggish and reluctant to get back to real life, so what better way to prolong the relaxation than with another issue packed with sexy stories and ravenous adventures? So grab another glass of wine, snuggle up on the sofa, and flip the page.

When you have a night that keeps you smiling for weeks, be sure to tell Penthouse all the dirty details. Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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MAIDEN VOYAGES

TEAM PLAYER

On my first solo vacation ever, I finally experienced the pleasure of having two men at once. I'd just finished dinner at an amazing local bar and was ready to call it a night when a man appeared on either side of me, sandwiching me between them. We chatted and enjoyed some drinks, and before long I'd agreed to accompany them back to their apartment.

Not bothering to hover in the tiny apartment's dark living room, we headed straight for a bedroom, settling ourselves in the center of a plush king-sized bed. Within seconds, both men descended upon me, showering my neck and chest with kisses and soft bites.

It wasn't just their mouths that were busy; their hands were all over me, too. I closed my eyes, leaning into their touch, allowing both men to manipulate my body however they saw fit.

Their large, rough hands slid beneath the hem of my dress, skimming over my thighs and tummy before tugging the garment over my head. Not having bothered with a bra or panties that evening, my body was left bare, completely exposed and available for their pleasure.

The air conditioner hummed to life in the window, sending an icy-cold breeze straight onto my overly sensitive breasts, a stark contrast to the flames that licked across my skin as both men continued to caress my body.

I swayed between them, relying on my partners' strength to hold me steady as my muscles melted under their touch. Finally, Josh's hand skimmed between my thighs, parting the slick folds tucked in between.

One thick finger slid into my nook, spreading the juice that flowed freely from my pussy. After getting me good and wet, that finger slipped inside me,

wiggling around until my head dropped back with a sigh.

Taking full advantage, Max sealed his lips over mine, plunging his tongue inside while his roommate drove me wild down below.

As Max swallowed my every sigh and groan, he continued to explore my body's contours and curves. One hand stroked over my thigh and hip, making my skin tingle. The other palmed the underside of my breast, testing its weight before trapping my nipple

**"I FELT
IMPOSSIBLY
FULL, TORN
BETWEEN
ANGUISH
AND ECSTASY."**

between its fingers.

Every twist of Max's fingers sent a shock to my clit, increasing my desire. Desperate to relieve the need that coiled deep in my belly, I started to bounce on Josh's finger, forcing him to penetrate me further.

He chuckled, entertained by my enthusiasm. Then he pressed the heel of his palm against my clit, applying just the right amount of pressure to make my body jolt. He crooked his finger, using the tip to massage the spongy bundle of nerves hidden within.

Suddenly my pussy seized on Josh's finger, holding him stubbornly in place while my inner muscles rolled and rippled over him. A powerful orgasm tore through my body. My head tilted back, breaking me away from Max's lips. Now my screams echoed through the

room, drowning out the whir of the air conditioner that continued to cool my heated skin.

Still weak and semi-delirious, I allowed Max and Josh to guide my body into doggy style. Max knelt in front of me, his thick, tan cock bobbing in front of my face, while Josh situated himself behind me.

I heard a brief rustle and felt some movement on the mattress, then a box of condoms soared over my head.

Max caught the box easily. He slid a single foil wrapper out and tore it open with his teeth. Then he used one hand to roll the condom over his shaft.

After he was fully sheathed, Max looked over my head, grinning as he positioned the tip of his dick in front of my mouth.

Both men eased into me at exactly the same time, filling me on both ends. I sat skewered between them, able to move only as far as they allowed.

When Josh began to move inside me, I moaned my appreciation. The sounds of my pleasure rolled over Matt's dick, adding an extra layer of intensity to the blowjob. My mouth watered for him, keeping itself good and slick so that Max could slide in and out with ease.

They bounced me back and forth, perfectly matching one another's rhythm so that I rocked steadily between them.

As my moans and screams intensified, so did Max's grip on my head. He wound his fingers through my hair, using his hold on me to steady himself as he increased his speed.

Josh responded in kind, plowing me so intensely that it wasn't long before I felt my inner walls tighten again. I screamed and cursed as my muscles began to spasm, but my mouth was so full it was impossible to hear a single sound.

But Max could feel it. The inside of my mouth positively vibrated from the pent-up noise. With nowhere else to go, it buzzed over Max's dick, producing a steady hum that tickled at his satiny skin,



massaging his shaft in a way that my vagina could not.

Despite this, Max stepped away. Panting, he swept his arm over his brow, wiping away the sweat that had beaded there as he pumped himself into my mouth.

Taking the cue from his roommate, Josh also pulled himself from my depths. Suddenly I had no one supporting me. Nothing to hold me upright. My pleasure-soaked muscles seemed to melt, causing my body to collapse onto the mattress.

Fortunately, I had two strong men to help me up. Max hooked his arms under mine and dragged me onto his lap, settling me with my back to his erection. He reached over to the bedside table and grabbed a bottle of lubricant, snapping open the lid with a quick flick of his thumb. Then he tilted his bottle over his rigid dick, dousing himself with the slippery goo.

Once his dick was nice and slippery, Max lifted me over him. The tip of his dick pushed at my back door, prodding me as he asked, "How do you feel about a little ass play, Lacy?"

"Yes," I groaned. I didn't care where he put his dick in my body as long as it

happened now.

Using his hold on my hips to guide me, Max slowly lowered my ass onto his dick.

My eyes opened wide as Max filled me. The intrusion was delightfully jarring.

Throwing an arm over my waist, Max pulled me against his chest, tilting my body in a way that relieved a bit of the pressure in my asshole.

I closed my eyes with a sigh. The more I allowed my body to relax, the better it felt to have Max's manhood stuffed up my asshole. The sensitive skin inside rippled and twitched over him, drawing his dick just a tiny bit deeper.

It wasn't just my asshole that seemed to sing as Max entered me. My pussy pulsed with pleasure as well. Despite feeling devastatingly empty compared to its neighbor around the back, my pussy still twitched from the force of every thrust.

Finally, Josh reentered the fray. He scooped up my ankles and raised my legs over my head, lifting me up as Max laid further back on the bed.

My knees knocked back behind my ears, causing Max's dick to slip from my asshole just a bit. Now my pussy was on full display.

Josh grabbed hold of his dick and

pressed its crown against my vagina. Then, holding my gaze, he entered me, seating himself inside one agonizing inch at a time. "That's right, dirty girl," he murmured. "Open up for me."

Ever the obedient fuck buddy, I dropped my legs wider, stretching myself to accommodate Josh's generous girth.

Now both men were buried to the hilt inside me. I felt impossibly full, torn between anguish and ecstasy. Though both Max and Josh entered me from completely different holes, it felt like their dicks could touch if only my body wasn't a barrier between them. And maybe they could. I certainly wasn't the only one benefiting from the feeling of extreme fullness. Max and Josh both grunted and groaned while they fucked me. They were feeding on one another's pleasure and increasing their speed.

Much like before, I bounced between the two men, gasping for breath as the throes of another orgasm threatened to devour me whole. As my muscles spasmed and twitched, my legs started to close.

Josh wasn't having any of that. He wrapped his fingers around my thighs, forcing my legs open as he drove into

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MAIDEN VOYAGES

me at a punishing pace.

At this point, Josh was completely in control. Max laid flat beneath me, his dick so deep within my asshole that there was no way he could move his hips.

Instead, Max let the movements of Josh's body feed our pleasure. Josh fucked me hard and fast, making my body rock beneath him. That in turn helped to massage Max's dick, even as he stayed firmly in place in my asshole.

Not only did I have two dicks inside me, but there were also two sets of balls slapping against me. Every time Josh slid back inside me, his soft, velvety sack would brush against me. If the strangled gasps coming from Max were any indication, he was feeling the light tickle from Josh's pubic hair as well.

At the same time, Max's sack nestled between my ass crack, exciting the nerves that lived beneath the tender stretch of skin. As if that didn't leave me feeling overstimulated, Max wound his arms around me, taking hold of my breasts as we roared toward the finish.

That was all I needed to fall hard and fast over the edge. Everything down below grew impossibly snug as my vision faded to black. I could feel both men tightening their hold on me, digging their fingers into my flesh as they joined me in a state of blind, unadulterated bliss.

Josh's come poured into the condom, warming me from the inside out. His strokes grew shorter and harder, milking the moment until every last drop of ejaculate was pumped from his body.

Then a rough growl rang in my ear. Max had reached his peak. His body jerked beneath me, wiggling his dick in my asshole and pushing me into an aftershock—those quick, little spasms that pulse through your pussy after an intense orgasm.

After we all regained our ability to breathe and see, Josh lifted me off of Max's body and laid me on the bed.

I never did make it back to my hotel that night. Or the following evening.

—M.H., via email

SLOW ROW

The summer after I turned eighteen, my parents took me to a lake upstate to celebrate my high school graduation with a group of friends and extended family members.

The lake in summertime was extremely popular. People came from all over to barbecue, fish, camp, and boat, and it was a blast to spend all day in the sun, laughing with my friends and covertly drinking cider when my parents weren't watching. I'd bought a new red bikini for the occasion and was enjoying the open admiration my toned body generated.

I was heading to college in a few months, and I couldn't wait for the freedom to drink, flirt, and explore new erotic territory with hunky coeds. My parents were sweet but very protective, and my strict curfew had kept me largely sheltered from my friends' misadventures.

As I floated in a rowboat with my two best gal pals listening to them gossip about hookups, I felt so jealous. My besties were no longer virgins—I was the sole holdout, the lone possessor of a hymen, the tragic teen who'd never gone past second base.

"Hottie alert," my friend Matilda said.

I shaded my eyes against the afternoon sun. Four shirtless dudes were rowing past, their muscled backs glistening with sweat. They looked a year or two older than us and wore baseball caps with college logos.

"Ahoy," my friend Rose called.

I shushed her, but it was too late. The guys looked over and grinned. After a brief consultation, they headed toward us.

"Stand down," the one rowing shouted, looking over his shoulder. "You're about to be boarded."

My mouth dried out, and my stomach did flip-flops. He was gorgeous, with dark brown skin and rippling muscles. His battered blue cap bore the logo of



the college I'd be attending in the fall.

They pulled up next to us, their boat bumping ours. Without missing a beat, the rower hooked us together with some rope, then scrambled over into ours, making us laugh as the boat rocked precariously. "I need to send a hostage over in exchange," he said, seating himself next to me.

Matilda volunteered a split-second before Rose, and then several minutes of negotiations took place, resulting in Matilda and Rose being on the other boat and the boys split evenly.

The sexy man next to me was named Drew. He was a rising junior whose family had a summer house near the lake, and he spoke with a hint of an accent that nearly made me faint.

I learned all about him as we chatted and flirted with the guys, sharing beers and snacks. Drew and his family were originally from England, although he'd spent the last decade of his life in America. He studied architecture, played rugby, and volunteered at a local soup kitchen on weekends. He was the handsome, charming, civic-minded campus hottie of my dreams.

In contrast, I felt awkward and naïve, but he paid close attention to everything I said and laughed at my jokes. When he found out we would be going to the same college, he nudged my bare thigh with his. "Maybe I'll be lucky enough to see more of you, then." His eyes raked over my body as he said it, and my nipples tightened under my swimsuit.

Eventually, we had to row back to shore for an evening barbecue, but before we left, Drew whispered in my ear. "If you want to meet up again, beautiful, I'll be on the shore at midnight."

I spent the next hours in agony, socializing with my family and friends as I counted down the minutes until I could meet him again. At last, the rest of my family went to bed in the cabin we'd rented and I was able to sneak away.

The lake was quiet, lit only by the



"HE SLID HIS FINGERS DOWN MY ASS, REACHING DEEP BETWEEN MY LEGS UNTIL HE WAS TOYING WITH MY PUSSY."

moon. Drew stood next to a rowboat that had been pulled onto the sand. "Hey, beautiful," he said, enfolding me in a hug.

He was wearing board shorts and nothing else, and his muscles were hard against my chest. I still wore my bikini, and I nearly whimpered from the delicious pressure.

"So," I asked, cocking my hip and trying to look cool, "what are we going to do?"

"That's up to you."

Adrenaline buzzed through me, and with it came a shot of courage. My virginity had felt like a burden for a long time, and here was a muscled hottie telling me I could decide what we did next. "To be honest, I'd like to take advantage of you."

He grinned. "Sounds good to me."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him. His mouth was hot, his lips soft, and he kissed me back with a confidence that made my knees

weak. He cupped my ass in his big hands, tugging me against him. I felt his growing erection through his board shorts, and I ground against it.

"Wanna go for a row?" he asked, grinning down at me.

"Hell, yes."

I got into the boat, giggling as he pushed it off the sand and into the shallows. He hopped in and began rowing us out into the lake. His muscles gleamed in the moonlight, and I stared at them, wondering what they would feel like as his body flexed into mine.

When we were far enough out, he secured the oars, then moved to the bench next to me and cupped my face in his hands. "You look so sexy," he said, running a finger from my neck to my waist. My bikini bottom was tied with two bows on my hips, and he toyed with the fabric. "How far do you want to take this? I have a condom."

It was shocking to hear sex offered so boldly. I blushed, although he probably couldn't tell in the moonlight. "I want to take it all the way," I said, "but you should know—I've never done this before."

His eyebrows rose in amazement. "And you want me, beautiful girl? You could have anyone."

"I want you." Now that I'd said the words, my confidence was growing. "Right here, right now."

"Your wish is my command." With a grin, he leaned in and started kissing me again. His fingers worked at the strings holding my top in place, and he slid the red triangles off me. My breasts were

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pale in the moonlight, the nipples hard. He groaned when he saw them, then massaged them with those strong hands before dipping his head to kiss them.

His hair was coarse under my palms, his skin hot and smooth. I clutched him as he nibbled my sensitive nipples. When he sucked one hard, I moaned.

"My turn," I said, pushing him away. He sat back with a grin, and I climbed into his lap, making the boat rock wildly. As he ran his hands over my back and down to my ass, I sucked and licked his neck, kissing and biting my way down to his shoulder. He guided me into a smooth, rocking rhythm. His large erection pressed against me, and I wriggled until it was rubbing against my clitoris, then worked my hips enthusiastically. Moisture gathered at my entrance, and the pressure sent sparking pleasure through my lower belly.

He unraveled the ties at either side of my bikini. It fell apart, and he didn't even bother moving it out from under me. He slid his fingers down my ass, reaching deep between my legs until he was

toying with my pussy. My head fell back, and I moaned at the double pleasure—his cock grinding against my clit in front while his hand stroked my wet opening from the back. He even toyed with my ass, running fingers over the sensitive skin until I giggled and wriggled away, nearly tipping us over.

"Sit back," he told me. I moved to the opposite bench, throwing the swimsuit aside. He stripped off his board shorts, revealing a stunning erection.

"HE WAS SO THICK, AND THE NEAR-PAINFUL STRETCH WAS A PLEASURE IN ITSELF."

It was thick and perfect, and my pussy clenched at the sight of it.

He dropped to his knees in the boat and bent until he could lick straight through my wet folds. I gripped his head with one hand, bracing myself against the boat with the other as he ate me out enthusiastically. It felt so good, and as his tongue circled my clit and his finger penetrated me, my thighs began to shake around his ears. An orgasm blew through me, making me jerk against his hot mouth.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

He rearranged us so he was sitting on the bench and I was straddling his lap. He rolled a condom over his length, then positioned me on top. "As slow as you need to go," he said, pushing down on my hips.

I wiggled and pushed against him, struggling to overcome my body's natural resistance. His cock was thick, and my opening was tight. But as he rubbed my clit and sucked my nipple, another flood of moisture allowed me to inch down.

Losing my virginity stung, but I kept going. The sensation of being impaled, overwhelmed, and claimed was worth a little pain. Soon his cock was all the way inside me, filling me up.

He took control, showing me with his hands how to move. I rocked at first, testing the tight fit, then began sliding up and pushing back down. I whimpered in pleasure.

"That's it, beautiful," he said. "You're taking it so good."

His hips nudged against mine subtly, pushing up as I sank down, and I gasped. "More," I demanded.

He chuckled and gripped my ass with hard hands, moving me up and down with more force. I bounced on his dick eagerly, rocking the boat, knowing I'd reached a line of demarcation in my life. On one side, the awkward virgin. On the other, the voracious cock slut. Now that I'd had a dick in me, there was no going back.



I moaned as I rode him, going out of my mind with lust. He was so thick, and the near-painful stretch was a pleasure in itself. Sweat broke out on his brow as I worked on top of him, and soon he was alternating between murmured curses and filthy praise.

He reached between us and pressed hard against my clit, and I jerked and came with a shriek that echoed over the water. He shoved up hard into me a few more times, then shook, gripping me tightly as he orgasmed.

"Damn, beautiful," he said. "Are you sure you'd never done that before?"

"Scout's honor." I grinned and kissed him. "So how soon can we do it again?"

—D.R., via email

🔑 BACKDOOR BABE

I t sucked when I broke up with my longtime girlfriend, but a big part of me felt relieved. I needed to sow some wild oats, and there were things that my college sweetheart never wanted to do in bed that I was eager to try.

Luckily, I had some kickass roommates who dragged me out on the town and made sure I got plenty of rebound and sympathy sex. One snowy weekend after the holidays, the guys and I headed to a friend of a friend's house party, hosted by three hot babes: Kimberly, Michelle, and Jasmine.

Kim and Michelle could have passed for sisters: both were leggy blondes with green eyes. However, I couldn't stop checking out Jasmine. Even as other people trickled into the house, I found myself going back to her.

Jasmine was a true exotic beauty if I'd ever seen one. Thick, long dark hair tumbled in loose waves just past her waist, and her eyes were an unexpected and arresting light blue color. She also had a tiny waist but thick thighs and

a heart-shaped ass that could sell ten thousand pairs of the skinny jeans that she wore. I was fairly certain that her full breasts were sans bra beneath the silky black halter top she had on, too.

I tried making the usual conversation and lame jokes. I even offered to help her replenish the supply of chips and dip. Luckily, though, Jasmine seemed to be both interested in me and sympathetic. We were about halfway through the night and I had followed her back into the kitchen.

"Mike," she began.

"Yes?" I asked.

"You know, you don't need to pretend to be Mr. Better Homes and Gardens here to have my attention." Jasmine giggled a little. "It's OK." She paused. "I mean it, really."

I smiled and shrugged. "I just don't want to come off like a creeper, you know? It's been a while since I've done this."

Jasmine smiled. "Don't worry, Mike. And by the way, you are certainly more evolved than your cohorts." She

gestured to the living room where my friends were clearly trying to impress the other girls with their beer-bong skills.

I shook my head. "Some people never mentally leave college."

Jasmine touched the small of my back. "Well, there were certainly some good parts."

I felt her touch ricochet from the base of my spine to the top of my head and back. "W—which parts?"

"Well, for starters, I was always a fan of the experimental parts. Meeting new people, trying out new things, and basically figuring out what gets me most excited."

I felt my cock stirring. "And what would a guy have to do to learn about what gets you excited?"

Jasmine smiled. "Is the guy in question here you, Mike?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well then, Mike, all you need to do is ask."

"Ask? OK. So, Jasmine, would you maybe show me what gets you



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excited?"

"Sure," Jasmine giggled. "But here's the thing: I think we might need more privacy for that."

"If you say so."

Jasmine took my hand. "Follow me."

My heart leapt into my throat; I sure as hell wasn't going to question her. "OK!"

Jasmine led me up the back stairs, which were behind the kitchen and out of view to anyone busy at the party in the living room. They lived in one of those old Georgian townhouses, and her room was the third floor loft. She had photos everywhere on the walls, mostly consisting of exotic landscapes.

"Wow, Jasmine, are you a photographer?"

"Freelance for now, but yes,"

Jasmine nodded. "I spent a year out of undergrad backpacking and informally assisting some other bigger named photographers in exchange for whatever they could teach me."

"Your work is amazing." I paused. "So, far-off places and traveling—those things get you excited?"

Jasmine giggled. "Yes, among other

things."

"Ah, yes, which brings us back to my inquiry." I grinned. "I haven't forgotten!"

"Well thank goodness for that."

Jasmine put her arms around me.

"Because I believe in keeping my horizons broad in every way."

"Meaning?" I reached down and squeezed her shapely rear.

She kissed me and then whispered.

"I mean, I like to keep things 'open' and interesting in a sexual way. I just hate getting bored, don't you?"

"I can't stand it. I mean, I just like variety." I felt the blood rushing to my cock.

Jasmine lightly scratched my chest.

"But it seems more challenging to experiment now than back when I was living in the dorms, you know? All those people in close proximity...it's harder when you're working."

Wanting to maintain our focus, I asked: "What exactly did you used to do in the dorms?"

Jasmine grinned and cupped my bulge. "Well, sometimes I liked to do girls. Cute, really preppy girls who'd never gotten off with another girl before."

"Mmmm," I exhaled, wondering if my erection would tear a hole through my pants. "And what else?"

Jasmine shrugged, giving me an innocent look as she got down on her knees. I heard the sounds of my zipper going down and closed my eyes.

"Well," Jasmine stroked my cock. "I always loved being with new men, too, but nice guys like you were 'harder' to find." She giggled a bit.

I groaned as Jasmine spun her tongue around the head of my dick and began working her hand up and down my shaft.

"And nice guys with a sense of adventure are especially rare," Jasmine continued. "I mean, I really liked getting fucked in public, and you'd be surprised how many would just chicken out." And with that, she suddenly took my entire shaft in her mouth.

"Oh, God!" I tried to hold her hair back as Jasmine gobbled down my dick. "I'd never chicken out on you."

As she face-fucked me with her free hand, she slipped out of her halter top, freeing her bountiful breasts.

"Oh, wow, those are incredible." I groaned. "You're amazing."

Jasmine released me from her mouth and spat on my shaft so it was nice and wet as she milked it in her cleavage. "Well, you wanna know what else I loved getting back in college when I could?"

"What?" I gasped.

"I love it when someone plays with my ass—or stuffs a nice fat cock up inside of it. I get so fucking turned-on."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing—or my uncanny luck! "I—uh—I've never tried that."

"You've never played with a girl's ass before?"

I shook my head. "My ex wouldn't let me near hers. Not even a tongue."

Jasmine smirked. "Well, her loss then." She planted another wet kiss on my dick and looked up at me: "And hopefully my gain?"

Without any hesitation, I replied: "I





would love to fuck your gorgeous ass.”

“Well, that’s good. But look, you’re going to have to go through to a little ‘booty camp’ first.”

I laughed. “I will do whatever it takes to earn your fine ass.”

Jasmine laughed and stood up. “Well, then strip down and get on my bed.”

It took all of ten seconds for me to drop trou and pull off my sweater.

Jasmine was still topless in her skinny jeans. “Wow. OK, that was definitely fast,” she laughed. “I’m impressed!”

“Are you maybe going to need any held peeling those off? I’m happy to earn my stripes, you know.”

“What the hell?” Jasmine grinned. “Go for it.”

I unbuttoned her jeans and eased them over her hips, kissing the exposed skin. She had on sheer mesh red panties, which showed off the outline of a well-trimmed triangle and smooth pussy lips.

“Oh, wow, can I taste you?” I started to slide off her panties.

“Of course,” Jasmine smiled. “But you’ll have to eat my ass, too.”

“That sounds absolutely perfect.”

Jasmine laughed and stepped out of her panties. “Come on.” She led me over to her bed and climbed on top of me so we were in a perfect 69. From there, my tongue could explore every wet inch of her pink crease, including her puckered rosebud.

Because she was a generous lover, Jasmine did not let my cock go unattended. She played with my shaft

“SHE LED ME OVER TO HER BED AND CLIMBED ON TOP OF ME SO WE WERE IN A PERFECT 69.”

and teasingly sucked me so I started in that perfect sweet torment of being too aroused to stop but nowhere near the brink.

She moaned softly. “You’re doing so well, Mike...mmm...now, I want you to lick my asshole and stroke my clit. Get me really wet.”

I complied and moments later, Jasmine was practically making puddles on my face. “God, you’re so fucking sexy,” I groaned.

Jasmine tugged on my cock in response. Then she turned around slightly. “In my nightstand drawer, there’s condoms and lube.”

I didn’t have to wait for instructions. Jasmine gracefully slid off me and settled into the doggy position, waiting for me to get ready and lube up. When I dribbled a little extra lube on her asshole, she squealed.

“Remember you have to warm it up in your hand!” Jasmine chuckled.

“I’ll warm it up with something even

better,” I countered.

She smirked. “You’d better. Now, go slow—and I’m not just saying that for me. I’m saying you’ll want to stop and feel how different this is.”

Boy, was Jasmine right-on. As I eased myself into her ass, it felt way tighter than a pussy—almost like a vise grip.

Once I was fully inside, Jasmine reached under and stroked her clit. Jasmine loved to be DP-ed, so as I fucked her, she started to stuff her pussy with fingers. I was worried that I wouldn’t last long—her ass was just so tight, and the way it pulled me in quickly pushed me over the edge.

Still, Jasmine beat me to the finish line—and then pulled me right there with her. I’ll never forget how it felt to be deep in her ass as the orgasm rippled through her body and then seemingly slammed into mine like a hurricane. After we both came, we passed out.

The next morning, I skipped brunch with the guys to fuck her ass again, and the rest is history. I’m happy to say that my first ever “backdoor babe” is still at the forefront of my life; in fact, she likes “backdoor babe” even better than “Mrs.”—but only one of those is allowed on her new passport.

—F.R., via email

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❶ MOMMY MIXER

Two hot single moms recently moved into the three-bedroom apartment next door to help one another out.

Being a young guy with no kids, I didn't cross paths with them except in the elevator. That was until the delivery gods smiled upon me and dropped an unwieldy box of unassembled furniture for them in our building's lobby. Trying to be neighborly, I offered to bring the box upstairs and help with the setup.

Much to my pleasure, Renee immediately agreed. "The kids will be at a sleepover tonight," she said with a smile. "Mary and I were planning to open a bottle of wine. You're welcome to join us. We're dying for a little...adult time."

I brought the box into their apartment and vowed to return that evening after the kids were gone.

Once I heard their chorus of goodbyes and the elevator close, I

went into the hall, just as Renee had asked. Before I could even raise my fist to knock the door opened wide, framing Renee against the backdrop of a candlelit room.

She wore a flowered silk robe that was slipping off one shoulder, very nearly revealing her breast. Her red lacquered lips lifted into the same irresistible smile she'd pinned me with earlier. "William, come in."

Taking my hand, Renee turned and led me into the apartment. The box from earlier was nowhere to be found, but I did see a bottle of wine and three glasses sitting on the coffee table. Renee pulled me in that direction, settling us both on the couch.

"Mary's just taking a shower, but she'll be out in a minute," she said.

Renee leaned forward to grab the bottle of wine, causing her robe to fall even further down her arm. The top of her breast was visible now. The fabric just needed to drop another quarter inch and I would see her nipple.

"Wine," she asked, popping up so abruptly I thought for certain she caught me ogling her half-bare breast.

"Yes, please," I muttered, hoping the alcohol would do something to calm my overactive nerves.

"Oh, William, good, you're here."

Mary's voice rang out from the apartment hallway. Grateful for the distraction, I looked up to greet her and found that unlike Renee, Mary wore no robe at all.

I swallowed hard and blinked my eyes, certain my mind was playing tricks on me.

But no, Mary stood there naked. Smiling at me. Looking ready to tear my own clothes clean off.

Mary walked straight toward me, never once averting her eyes. "Pour me a glass too, Renee," she murmured. Then she sat on my free side, placing me smack in the middle of a hot MILF sandwich.

By now Renee had finished pouring. She handed Mary and I each a glass, then raised her own as if to toast. A slow smile lifted the corners of her red-lacquered lips. "To neighbors who lend a helping hand," she said with a wink.

"Could you do it again, William?" Mary asked. "Lend us each a hand?"

Now Renee let her robe fall off each of her shoulders, allowing it to pool at her waist. Full, teardrop-shaped breasts adorned with large cinnamon-colored nipples stared back at me, begging to be touched.

Happy to fill their need for a friendly fuck, I decided to play along. "Well I do have two hands," I teased, laying my left hand on Renee's thigh and my right on Mary's. They both parted their legs on contact, inviting me to travel higher.

Renee was the first to move. She slipped a hand under my T-shirt and skated up my abs, plastering herself to my side.

Then a second set of hands appeared at my waist, lifting my shirt to pull it off. When the material reached my head and covered my eyes, I heard Mary's muffled



voice filter through the fabric. "Wait," she whispered. "We can make this much more fun."

The shirt continued to rise, clearing my mouth and nose. Then it came to a halt, leaving my eyes completely covered.

Renee's lips brushed over mine as Mary whispered in my ear, "Let's play a game, neighbor. We stop talking and you have to figure out which of us you're fucking. Everybody wins."

Feeling my mouth go dry, I nodded, happy to agree to their rules. I pictured both women, mentally mapping their curves so as to better guess who was straddling my lap.

Swallowing hard, I wet my tongue enough to be able to ask, "Can I touch you?"

Renee offered a wordless response. She took my hands and placed them over her breasts, curving her fingers over mine and giving herself a squeeze. I knew it was Renee because of how her tits overflowed out of my palms. Mary's breasts, in contrast, were small and perky—mouth-watering in their own right, but definitely less than a handful. Yes, it was Renee who sat perched on my lap.

Thinking I'd already won a round, a sly smile lifted my lips. "Thank you, Renee."

Lips descended onto mine, making me unable to say anything more. Renee held herself against me, pressing her large breasts to my chest. She used all of her mouth to kiss, employing her lips, teeth, and tongue to work me over.

Meanwhile, Mary massaged me. She alternated between working out the knots in my shoulders and sliding down the length of my spine, using her hands to make all the tension melt from my muscles. Then those hands changed course, slipping around my midsection and sneaking between Renee's body and mine to brush her fingers over the bulge my rock-solid cock created beneath my pants.

My body jolted, sending Renee flying



"THEY BOTH PARTED THEIR LEGS ON CONTACT, INVITING ME TO TRAVEL HIGHER."

in my lap. She took the opportunity to get off me, pulling Mary out from behind me as she stood. They both took a step back, making it so that I couldn't tell who was whom.

Just as I reached up to push the T-shirt off of my eyes, a pair of hands landed on my thighs. They skimmed up toward the button of my jeans. The agile fingers made quick work of the fastening and zipper, pulling the pants open and bringing them down to my ankles with a quick tug. My boxer shorts followed suit, joining my pants to create a makeshift binding around my ankles.

Delicate fingers wrapped around the base of my cock, holding me steady as a pair of lips surrounded the crown. The

grip was lighter than Renee's, making me certain it was Mary's fingers encircling my shaft. Slowly her lips descended, rolling the condom over my cock as she drew me deeper into her mouth.

Sucking a steady breath through my teeth, I hissed out my guess as to who was deep-throating my cock. "Mary," I gasped, struggling to keep my composure.

A pleasant hum reverberated over me, confirming that I'd guessed correctly. Feeling my confidence soar, I lifted my hips, driving my cock deeper into Mary's mouth until the tip hit the back of her throat.

The ravenous little thing just sucked me harder, relaxing her jaw so that she could draw me even deeper.

Then, just as quickly, she released me from her mouth with a pop.

I brought my hands up in search of Mary's head, desperate to draw her back into my lap. But Renee moved behind me and grabbed hold of my biceps, foiling my plan. She held my arms at my side, taking full advantage of her position to press herself into my back. I could feel her nipples harden as her soft bush brushed against my skin.

Then Renee drew my earlobe between her teeth. She gave it a quick nip before tugging her mouth away,

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➤ MILFS

allowing her teeth to drag over my skin so that a shiver rolled up my spine.

At the same time, Mary seated herself on my cock. Rather than straddle me like Renee had done earlier, Mary kept her feet firmly planted on the floor, making it feel almost like she was sitting in my lap, but much, much better. Though I couldn't see Mary's ass bounce, I could feel her cheeks slapping against my thighs every time she lowered herself onto me.

Then Renee began to move, sliding her legs alongside mine, straddling me from behind. Her hot, wet slit opened against my skin, sliding along my back until we were both slick with her juices. Every time Mary fell hard onto my lap, my body moved against Renee's, stimulating her pussy as well.

Soon both women's moans filled the apartment. While my balls were growing tighter, I took my promise to bone both women seriously. Mary's tight, wet cunt felt incredible against my cock, but there was no way I was going to come before also slipping inside Renee.

But I wasn't the one in control. Both women had my body good and bound, captive to their pleasure. And damn, did they take advantage.

Mary's walls tightened and twitched over my cock—the telltale sign of a woman about to explode. She gripped my thighs, curling her fingers into me as she rode me to the finish.

Once Mary's muscles relaxed, she hoisted herself off me, falling onto the couch so that Renee could take her place.

Unlike her roommate, Renee faced me head-on, placing her hands on my shoulders for support, planting her knees on either side of my thighs, hovering over me briefly before impaling herself on my cock.

Renee moved hard and fast, bouncing on my lap with the speed and agility of an accomplished rider. Now I was the one moaning. Renee's brisk change of pace set me roaring toward an orgasm. When her inner walls began to twitch around me, her fingers mirrored the action.

Realizing that no one was restraining my arms anymore, I reached out and

grabbed Renee's waist. It didn't matter that my eyes were still obscured. I didn't need to see to take control.

With Renee in my grasp, I became a mad man unleashed. I planted my feet on the floor and pounded into her, not stopping until my eyes rolled into the back of my head and come filled the condom's tip.

Renee didn't mind. I hit her G-spot so hard and fast she gushed all over my lap, leaving us both slick with the evidence of her orgasm.

I spent the rest of the evening at Mary and Renee's. We had an incredible time, but we never got around to building that furniture.

—Anonymous., via email

🕒 MY BFF'S MILF

Joining up with the Air Force ROTC back in the day enabled me to afford the cost of attending my school of choice. There's a tight social cohort among ROTC people, but I had lots of friends on the "outside," especially through my buddy Craig.

We both grew up in the same small Eastern Pennsylvania town, but he was from money and I wasn't. While I did drills, he mostly partied. However, whenever possible Craig would include me—especially because lots of the girls see the uniform and get wet, and he could thus score by being "the friend of the cadet." We had a reasonably decent wingman system (pun intended), which worked out up until senior year when he got serious with what is now his wife.

I was OK with flying solo; I wasn't really looking since I knew I would be shipping out after graduation and didn't want some long-distance drama. Naturally, though, when Craig invited me to meet up at his parents' beach house for one last spring break hurrah with



the promise of many hot girls attending, you're damn right I drove down right after completing my early morning duties—literally right after, as I was still in my uniform.

I figured Craig and some people would already be there since he didn't have any Friday classes, but when I pulled into the driveway around 10AM, mine was the only car there. I checked the address again and my watch; maybe everyone went out for brunch?

I knocked on the door, and in no way was I prepared for the vision that answered. I'd heard from Craig that his dad's latest wife was good-looking and very nice, but upon seeing her for myself, his description didn't even begin to do her justice.

"Hello!" The third Mrs. Taylor was an absolute bombshell with light eyes and champagne hair down to her toned shoulders. Her petite, hourglass-shaped form was wrapped in a long white chiffon robe that made it impossible not to stare. "My goodness—you must be Peter!" She looked me up and down and extended her hand: "Craig's always talking about you and ROTC."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm Peter." I chuckled and felt myself blushing as I took her hand. "Hello, Mrs. Taylor." I tried not to grin like an idiot, but all bets were off at this point. Besides an incredible body, I detected just a hint of a Southern accent in her voice, which wrapped every word in a layer of honey.

She beamed at me. "Call me Charlene, please. Can I get you something to drink? You must be hungry, too."

"Oh, I don't want to trouble you—I know I'm here crazy early."

Charlene chuckled. "No, don't worry. I wasn't up to anything important. Come in. Let me at least get you some coffee. I just put a pot on."

I set my backpack down by the door and followed her into the kitchen. "Where's Craig? Isn't he here yet?"



"I HELD HER SILKY HAIR BACK WHILE SHE SWALLOWED ME DOWN, INCH AFTER INCH."

Charlene smiled and shook her head. "I just got a call from him about ten minutes before you rolled in. Shocker: he was late getting up and will be delayed. Him and that girl party hard all the time..."

I chuckled. "Sounds about right."

"But you—from what I hear, you don't mess around much and you're going places."

I smiled and shrugged. "We'll see, I guess." I took a seat at the table.

"Well, between you and me, Craig might even be a little bit jealous." She winked and patted me on the shoulder. Before I could say anything else, she breezed past me and headed for the coffee pot in the middle of the kitchen island.

I caught the soft peach-blossom notes of her perfume and took a deep breath.

"Don't they start you off as a

lieutenant once you graduate?" Charlene asked.

"Uh, yeah—" I found myself further distracted by the billowy chiffon robe as it settled once more around her form. I sat up and cleared my throat. "Basically if all goes well by the end of this year, I can start off as a commissioned officer."

Charlene turned and smiled. "That's wonderful! Your parents must be so proud."

I nodded and felt myself tongue-tied as I checked out her bottom while she poured the coffee. "Uh, so where's Mr. Taylor? How's he doing?"

With another soft swoosh of white chiffon, Charlene made her way over to the table and handed me my coffee. "Oh, he's fine. He's actually away on a hunting trip, which is why I came out here." She added: "Help yourself to milk and sugar."

"Thank you." I paused to avail myself of the milk on the table. "I didn't know he hunted? Craig's never gone hunting."

Charlene rolled her eyes and poured herself some coffee. "Oh, it's new. I was never much for blood sport myself, but I guess it's better he does that instead of, uh, certain other things..." She picked up her mug and muttered: "...like his secretary."

I choked on my coffee.

"Oh dear—I'm sorry." She looked at me concerned and added: "Don't mind me. Sometimes I just fire from the hip."

I shook my head. "No, no. That's OK."

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At that point, some combination of youthful boldness and my twenty-one-year-old naïveté boiled over, and I heard myself blurting out: “I would never step out if I had a girl like you. You look like a princess.”

“Well, aren’t you sweet?” Charlene moved closer and stroked the side of my face, then ran her hands down my shirt collar. “And that uniform...” She leaned in close so that her supple lips grazed my earlobe: “Where I grew up, the *real* men were all in uniform.”

Before I could blink, we started kissing. I pulled her into my lap right there at the kitchen table. With every kiss, the passion grew hungrier until Charlene pulled back: “Take me upstairs, Peter.”

I stood up and lifted Charlene into my arms. I had never felt so “manly” or so overcome with desire as I did when carried my “MILF princess” up the stairs.

The master suite was at the end of the hall and had a four-poster bed that was still unturned from the morning. I laid Charlene down and smoothed her hair.

Charlene reached up to caress my

face again and then her hands trailed lower, down my stomach and stopping at my belt buckle. “You know, Peter, I could feel you ‘saluting’ me downstairs.” She giggled a bit.

I leaned down and kissed her. “I wouldn’t want to be derelict in my duty, ma’am.”

“Nor I in mine.” Charlene sat up and unzipped my pants.

Once she had pulled down my boxer briefs, my cock sprang into her open mouth. I held her silky hair back while

**“SHE MADE ME
TAKE HER IN
JUST ABOUT
EVERY POSITION
I COULD
DREAM UP.”**

she swallowed me down, inch after inch.

While Charlene had me in her mouth, she reached down and untied her robe, revealing a matching satin slip beneath. Then she pulled away, leaving my stiff cock hanging as she edged the slip down her shoulders and off. The anticipation was worth it.

“My God,” I stammered at the sight of her full breasts, “you are so beautiful.”

“And you’re just too sweet, Mr. Future Lieutenant.” She giggled and finished wiggling out of her slip, revealing a naturally blonde patch of pubes.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was going to sleep with my good friend’s stepmother, and the “dutiful and responsible” side of my brain kicked in: “Charlene—are you sure this is OK?”

“By all means, yes it most certainly is.” Charlene pulled me into a kiss. “I don’t think anyone has room to judge you for having a little fun after working so hard.” And with a sassy smirk she added: “And if they want to judge me, they can just take a long walk off that short pier out back.”

I grinned and got on top of her. I savored her perfume once more as I kissed my way down the nape of her neck to her perfect breasts. I could have spent all day sucking her tits, but I really wanted to please her, so I kept kissing lower and lower until I reached that blonde honey patch.

I dove into her pussy tongue-first and went right for her clit, brushing back and forth.

Charlene moaned and wiggled her hips against my face. “Don’t stop, Peter...”

With that encouragement, I did all I could to up my game and make Charlene come. I’d always prided myself on being a generous and thorough pussy-eater, but I wanted to impress this older woman who had countless admirers in her life.

I gently slid a finger inside of her and began gently sucking on her clit, careful to let the intensity build slowly. In no



time, Charlene was sinking her perfectly manicured nails into the sheets and gushing girl juice right into my mouth.

As she lay there catching her breath, Charlene grabbed me by the collar. "You're overdressed. Take the rest of this uniform off and fuck me."

I started unbuttoning my shirt. "Is that an order?"

In response, Charlene reached for my cock again. "You're damn right it is."

I hurriedly stripped and then Charlene pushed me down on the bed: "I want to ride your gorgeous dick," she said, licking the edge of my earlobe.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, cupping her breasts.

She wiggled her hips and slipped me inside of her. "Mmm, you fill me up so good!"

I moaned. "Oh yeah." We began to fuck with wild abandon and ended up spending the better part of the morning in bed.

Charlene was insatiable and surprisingly flexible. She made me take her in just about every position I could dream up.

At one point she had her legs over her head and her toes touching the pillow behind her. "Bet the girls on campus don't do this move very often." She stroked her clit as I pumped in and out of her.

"No, ma'am," I groaned.

"Are you going to cum for me, Peter?"

I could barely croak out a yes—and that's when she used her pussy muscles to clench down hard and make me blow like never before. We basked in the afterglow for as long as possible and then soaped up in the shower.

When Craig and the rest of the crew showed up, Charlene left—and I was disappointed. None of the girls that weekend, or any I had ever known, could compare to Charlene.

However, the following weekend when I got a text from a strange number with directions to a nearby hotel, I blew off my friends and rushed off to serve my



princess once more. Duty calls!

—P.N., via email

BETTER THAN BEFORE

Things had always been complicated between me and my buddy Hank's mom Bethany. For starters, I'd had a wicked crush on her forever.

But I couldn't tell Hank that, not even now that we were both away at college.

But the stranger thing was that Bethany had treated me oddly from the first day I'd met her. When I used to go over to Hank's house, I would catch her staring at me like I was some exotic creature. But whenever I tried to talk with her, she got very stiff, very formal.

None of that stopped me from thinking she was the hottest MILF on the planet. At twice my age she had a taut physique, firm tits, and an ass that had haunted my dreams.

But I was a college man now, and I was getting my share of pussy and loving it. Every day I felt a little more grown up, enjoying all the freedoms that came from being away from home. But I was also doing well in my studies.

At the end of my first year, my parents sent me a plane ticket to come back and visit them. I flew out, and it was great to see my folks.

It was also weird being back in my

old home. I wasn't much bigger or older than when I'd left, but I felt almost like I'd outgrown the place both physically and emotionally.

When I spoke to my mom and dad, I sounded like an adult. I had interesting things to say. It was a good feeling.

Even my mom noticed. "Oh Mike, you're so *mature*." Then she sort of ruined it by pinching my cheek and making me laugh like a kid.

Hank had gone to a different school, though we kept in touch through social media. He was taking summer courses and wouldn't be back for a visit while I was here. But there was plenty to keep me busy, other local friends to see, and all the home-cooked meals.

It was after one of those feasts that I decided to go out for a walk. I rambled around the old neighborhood, again feeling like everything was a little smaller than it used to be. I thought of all the games I used to play on these streets, all the dumbass trouble I used to get into as a teenager, and I chuckled quietly to myself.

I found myself on the street where Hank's house stood. Hank's dad was long since out of the picture and he didn't have any siblings, so it would just be Bethany there now.

It was evening. The lights were on in the house. I stopped and looked at the windows for a full minute. Suddenly all those memories and fantasies of Hank's mom came flooding back. Apparently I

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“I KNELT BEHIND HER, GAZING DOWN ON HER SCULPTED ASS.”

hadn't outgrown them.

My cock was getting hard. I turned away and started off again.

“Mike? Is that you?”

I froze and turned, recognizing the voice. There stood Bethany in the open front doorway of her house.

I had to fight to keep my voice steady. “Hello, Mrs. Wells.”

She called to me. “I didn't know you were back. Come in and say hi properly.”

My gut fluttered nervously. I hoped to hell she couldn't see my semi in my jeans as I crossed to her door.

She smiled brightly as she ushered me inside. I looked around. It was the same old house, just neater now that Hank was away.

“I've got lemonade,” she said. “Or do you drink coffee now?”

“Coffee would be lovely,” I said. Now I was *trying* to sound mature.

She was as smoking-hot as ever. I felt the urgent pull of desire. She brought coffees to the living room, where we sat. She was so cheerful, asking me about school. There was none of the old formality. She sat next to me on her big sofa, and when she laughed at something I said, she would touch my knee.

If she'd done that when I was younger, I probably would have creamed myself. As it was, I was intensely turned-on. She sat so close. She wore yoga pants and a tight top that showed off her still luscious figure.



The next time she touched my knee, she left her hand there, squeezing it.

“What're you doing, Mrs. Wells?”

“Bethany. Don't you like it?” Her hand moved up onto my thigh.

I was trembling. “I love it. But...you were never like this before.”

“You were a boy before. Now you're a man. Aren't you?” she asked teasingly.

It made me suddenly bold. Feeling like I was stepping off a cliff, I took her hand and put it on my crotch. She immediately squeezed my huge bulge.

We heaved toward each other on the couch. Her mouth came hungrily toward mine. I met her lips. They parted. Our tongues tangled. My whole body rippled with need. My mind was exploding as dreams crashed into this fantastic reality.

In my arms, her body was a sexy live wire. She pushed me over on my back and squirmed on top of me. She ground her crotch against mine. I got a hand between us and groped her lush tits. Her nipples were as stiff as diamonds.

I was incredibly happy that Hank was taking summer courses. Bethany and I tore at each other's clothes. I wanted her naked, but we kept pausing to caress and kiss and grind.

Finally, she was out of her clothing

and I was stripped to my skin. My cock throbbed and surged into rock-hardness as Bethany gazed down on it, her eyes blazing, her tongue hanging out. Was she going to...?

Oh, yeah. Her mouth went to my cock. My body jumped at the contact. I lay back on the deep cushions as her lips sealed my swollen cockhead. I felt the hot swirl of her tongue. Then, in one single plunge, she dropped her mouth all the way down my veiny shaft.

I cried out. I'd gotten blown before, but this was expert cocksucking. It was like she didn't even have a gag reflex. Also, she was loving what she was doing, making *mmmm* sounds that got my balls humming. Her head bobbed up and down. It was amazing.

But I didn't want to shoot off like a novice. I pulled her off me and encouraged her to lie back on the couch. Eagerly she spread her creamy thighs. I gazed a moment on her bare body, realizing my fantasies had never done her justice. She was fucking gorgeous.

I pressed my shoulders between her legs. Her pussy gleamed as I lowered my face toward it. I inhaled her intoxicating aroma. Her flavor stung my tongue as I took my first lick. She tasted like ambrosia.

I speared her deep, and her body undulated. She growled with pleasure, which was gratifying. The last thing I wanted to do was give her bad head. But she continued to moan and writhe as I ate her out.

When I licked and sucked on her clit, her ass started bouncing up off the cushion. She crushed her pussy hard against my mouth. I didn't stop. My tongue worked crazily.

Finally, she grabbed my hair and howled. Her juices flooded me, and I swallowed every drop. When she let go, I came up panting. She sat up and grabbed me again, this time licking every trace of wetness off my face. No girl had ever done that with me.

But this wasn't a girl. Bethany was a woman.

Grinning, she said, "I need your cock in me." She moved me into a sitting position, then got ready to straddle me.

I watched with a blissed-out smile as she lowered herself onto my rod. Inch after inch disappeared up into her until she was fully impaled on my staff. Her slick pussy walls gripped me. The pleasure was unbelievable.

Then she started rocking up and down on me, and that pleasure went off the charts. It wasn't just that I was having sex. It was that I fulfilling something almost primordial out of my past, and it was surpassing every fantasy I'd ever concocted.

Her hands gripped my shoulders. My hips jabbed up to meet her downward lunges. I played with her tits, tweaking her sweet pink nips. She groaned and wriggled.

When she came a second time, I almost joined her but held back. She let out another yowl, her pussy tightening. When her body went limp, I shifted her around. I wanted her on her hands and knees.

She eagerly assumed the position, looking back at me over her shoulder and grinning again. I knelt behind her, gazing down on her sculpted ass. I

aimed my cock at her glistening pussy, slotted myself back in, and wrapped my fingers around her hips.

I pushed in deep, to her very core. She gave a grunt of appreciation. I started stroking into her. Even with frantic lust burning in me, I went at it with a slow, steady rhythm. I wanted to get her to come one more time, preferably while I was blasting come into her.

With her glorious body propped up before me, I could appreciate her full, firm maturity. This was a woman in complete physical command of herself. Her responses weren't muted. Her desires were honest and urgent.

I fucked her from behind, savoring every smack of flesh, every spank of my balls against her scrumptious backside. Her head whipped from side to side.

I increased my speed, spearing her deeply every time. My fingers tightened on her hips. I was pounding her now, with sweat in my eyes and a frenzied tingling racing all over my skin.

She must have been tuned to me perfectly. I cried out and started jetting into her. At the same instant she

writhed, one fist hammering the couch. There was no mistaking the climax ripping through her lovely body.

I spewed like crazy, the pleasure raking my entire being. Only when I'd had my last spurt did her knees give way. I lay down next to her, holding her, softly kissing her forehead.

Dreamily I asked, "Why were you always so weird with me when I was younger?"

She chuckled lazily. "You looked just like a boy I knew when I was your age, before I met Hank's father. That boy was the one who got away."

She smiled up at me. Her flesh was warm against mine. Already I felt my cock stirring again.

"But this is better," she said. "Better than before."

-M.D., Miami, Oklahoma

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THE TAPING

What could be better than a runner's high? Dana will soon find out.

By Dana Kline

I finished my run and noted my time. A minute slower than the day before. Given I was training for a Spring 5K, that wasn't what I wanted to see.

I took a long walk to cool off, but my lower back was screaming and my right hip was keeping time.

"This is what overtraining will get you," I said to myself.

When I finally got home, Nick was arriving home from work. He grabbed me and kissed me, his hands sliding down to cup my ass.

"Get your hands off me, mister," I teased.

He squeezed again. "But why? I love the feel of these leggings. Buttery soft and full of tone, firm ass. My favorite ass in the world."

I winced a little when he squeezed, and he gave me a questioning look.

"Aches and pains."

"Over-training," he said with a tsk.

"I know, I know! But I'm already scheduled to take the next two days off. I won't burn out. Don't worry."

"What hurts?"

"Everything," I snickered, taking off my clothes and tossing them toward the clothes hamper.

His hands found my tits, which were still damp with sweat, and he covered them. He gave me a squeeze and I shook my head. "You're too much."

"Am I? I always knew my cock was big, but—"

I swatted his chest, then kissed him. "I'm getting in the shower. That might help."

"It will," he said. "Don't take too long. I'm feeling a little..." He didn't finish the sentence, but he waggled his eyebrows at me playfully.

"Let's see if I can still walk after the

shower."

I stood in the hot water, letting it beat down on me, and realized that Nick touching me had turned me on, too. But I certainly felt all the hard effort of my run. My aches warred with my wants.

I heard the bathroom door open and then Nick stuck his head in. He made a point of studying my nakedness. Then he reached past the curtain and stroked my nipples with a fingertip. My nipples grew hard, hot water beading on them. The sensation of his touch journeyed

**"HE RUBBED THE
BACKS OF MY
THIGHS AND I
FOUND MYSELF
GASPING."**

from my breast to my pussy. I suddenly wanted him very badly.

"You know," he said, "if you want me to, I can tape you up."

It had been a while since I'd asked him to use sports tape on an injury so long, I hadn't even thought about it.

"You know...that might stabilize me," I said. It was my turn to reach past the curtain. I grabbed the front of his jeans with my wet hand and cupped his package. I gave it a squeeze and felt the sensation of him growing hard beneath my touch. "At least long enough to get a good vigorous fucking."

He cleared his throat and managed a rough, "Okay, then. I'll go find it."

When I came into the bedroom, dripping wet and toweling my hair off, he had an online video playing. The dulcet tones of the physical therapist we preferred to watch for all things sports-tape-related hit my ears, and I grinned.

"Your favorite guy," I said.

He nodded, finished the video, and shut the laptop. "It's easy," he said. "I taped you before for this but I wanted a refresher. I need you bent over," he said.

"I bet you do," I teased.

"Oh, har har." But then he studied me naked and damp and said, "Come to think of it..."

I rolled my eyes at him. I twisted a towel around my head and said, "Where do you want me?"

"In the hallway. On the sofa. On the bed. In the picture window. On the kitchen counter—"

"To tape me!" I said, but I couldn't stop laughing.

"Oh, that. Um, get on your knees and put your belly on the edge of the bed. Perfect angle and good and stable. That way you can relax and not have to hold a position."

"Sounds good to me." I got on my knees, pressed my belly to the edge of the bed, laid my head down, and relaxed. I felt the cool kiss of an alcohol swab to help the tape stick.

"We have to give your skin a minute to dry and cool," he said almost clinically.

Somehow, the detachment turned me on more than anything. Nick was in his element, gathering information, utilizing it, taking care of me. All strong suits.

"But while we wait..." He rubbed the backs of my thighs and I found myself gasping. I hadn't realized how incredibly



tight my hamstrings were until his nimble fingers started to work them.

"Oh, my God, that feels so fucking good," I groaned.

"And we're not even to the good part yet," he said.

He kissed my ass cheek and I jumped.

"Easy, lady. Now let's see. First, we pull off the backing. Stretch it. Back off a little..." He talked aloud to himself and then I felt the tape come down on my lower back. He smoothed it with his hand and made sure it was fully on. "Now we repeat that with the second piece. Higher or lower?" he asked, pressing his fingertip firmly to my back. I bristled when he pressed above the existing tape. "Above it is," he chuckled.

Then the second piece was on and I was enjoying his warm hand smoothing it down. I stayed there, relaxing my body after my long, cold run.

He went on, imitating the man's voice. "And when that's done, then you can test the pussy."

Laughter ripped out of me when I felt Nick pressing his hard cockhead to my wetness. I stayed still, only moving to part my legs just a bit farther. I wanted to see this play out.

He gripped my hips with a light touch, barely holding me. It was a pleasant feeling, his hands resting there. He pushed a little harder and slid into me a bit more.

"Wet," he said. "If I can just get my dick in there all the way, I can get you even wetter." He continued to imitate the soothing voice of the online instructional video. "If I can just work it in slowly. Get it in all the way. Find the right rhythm for the athlete's pleasure and mine."

I'd stopped laughing because what he was doing felt so good. His cock slid into me a little more, entering me by increments. I spread my legs wider and felt his hands on my hips grow a bit heavier, his grip a bit tighter.

He started to thrust a little faster

and I stayed still, letting him fuck me. Not moving. Not even moving to slide my hand down and play with my clit. I simply laid there, relaxed, while he moved in and out of me.

He put his big, warm hands atop the tape he'd applied to my back. Something about the pressure without grip turned me on. I let out a little moan so he'd know I liked it. I liked it a lot. I pushed back just a little. Just enough to get him deeper. I clenched my thighs slightly and redirected his cock's friction. It was perfect—lovely—hitting all the right places. Another moan and I wanted to put my hand between my legs and stroke myself. But I didn't want to break the spell of what was happening.

Nick withdrew quickly and I gasped. "Well, the tape is on," he said.

I groaned as I stood. "Are you really going to just leave me like tha—"

He was unbuttoning his pants. He grinned at me. "Get on the bed, love."

I exhaled with relief and took the

EROTICA

towel off my head. I climbed on the bed and piled four thick pillows beneath my belly to mimic the way I was able to rest on the edge of the bed. Nick got behind me and slid the tip of his cock along my folds. "Did you like that?"

The coyness in his voice said he already knew the answer. I nodded and stayed silent.

"Tell me. Come on. I'm not putting it back in until you say it."

I whispered, "I liked it."

He pinched my ass and it made me jump. "Hey!"

"Say it so I can hear it," he said.

"I liked it," I said louder. "A lot," I added.

He pushed forward, entering me easily. I groaned again. So fucking good.

"That's what I like to hear. I aim to please," he chuckled.

I rested on my pile of pillows and felt his cock brushing that perfect wet spot inside me again. Every time he hit it, I whispered, "Yes...yes...yes..."

My fingers glided over my clit quickly, easily. My pussy grew tighter. I was so

fucking close I could hardly stand it.

He teased my back hole with his thumb, not pushing it in, but simply pressing against it. Somehow, that small amount of pressure bumped up the fullness in my pussy. His cock slid into me once more and I came, growling like a beast, clutching the pillows with my restless fingers.

"There it is. That's my girl. Wet like the goddamned ocean."

He grabbed my ankles, yanked, and forced all my weight onto the pillows. He fucked me faster while stroking his fingers over my tape. "Back okay?" he asked, his voice hoarse with desire.

"Yes, yes, back is fine. Keep going," I managed.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

Nick leaned his weight over me, braced himself, and fucked me hard and fast. Still letting off aftershocks of orgasm, my body rallied and I felt myself growing wetter.

"Are you going to come again? It sure feels like you're going to come again," he said.

"I am, I am...keep going."

He did. No more words, no more questions. He just fucked me, taking me the way he had to, fast and hard.

I came again, my body growing rigid beneath him and he said, "Fuck. There it is—"

He came with a long exhalation and then moved off of me. "And that's how you apply the tape," he said, mimicking the man from the video. Then he touched my hair. "Didn't want to hurt you. Did I hurt you?"

I rolled to my back and laughed. "If two orgasms and some sports tape signifies that you hurt me, yes. You hurt me real good."

He put his arm around me. "Smartass."

I woke up and the temperature was 40 degrees. I was going to run. I shouldn't run. If Nick were home he'd tell me not to run. If I were another person, I'd advise me not to run. But the pull of three or so miles in the crisp morning air and sunlight was too much for me.

I grabbed my favorite fleece leggings and pulled them on, careful not to let the tape on my lower back roll. I grabbed a sweatshirt and pulled it on, remembering the night before with Nick. The sex. How good it was.

When I looked in the mirror, I was blushing. "Stop thinking dirty thoughts," I told the woman in the mirror, but we were both grinning.

I'd had the bonus of sex after a great run yesterday; maybe that would fuel me on a day I was supposed to be using as a rest day.

I laced my shoes, found a beanie and sunglasses, and hit the road. "Just three and a half miles," I said to myself.

Let's see if I could stick to it.

I took the first mile easily, remembering Nick nudging his cock into me after taping my back. Reliving it to the music piping into my head was a lovely way to get lost in the miles. The second mile I pushed myself a little, thinking of him grabbing my ankles and



yanking me flat on my support pile of fluffy pillows. My pussy was wet, my mind miles away. When I felt that first twinge of discomfort in my hips, I didn't pay any attention. A rap song with a pounding bassline piped through my headphones and I remembered how good Nick felt inside me.

When my hip gave me that first bad jolt of pain, I yelped and looked at my activity monitor. My three and a half miles had somehow turned into almost five.

"Shit," I said. I stopped and walked home slowly, taking a few laps around my block to cool off. The pain let up significantly but was still there, aching and nagging like a toothache.

It was going to be fun explaining this to Nick.

At home, I took care of some work with ice on my hip. My hope was that by the time Nick rolled in, I'd be fine like wine.

But he came home early.

"What's this?" he said, poking his head in my office and scaring the holy hell out of me.

"I—um—it's—" I hadn't been prepared.

"Did you run today?" His eyebrows narrowed and his mouth turned to a tight, disapproving line.

"Maybe," I blurted.

He came into my office and removed the ice pack. He pressed his fingers to my hip. He knew me well, even where my injuries occurred. He pressed hard and I yelped loudly.

"Jesus," he said.

"It was so nice," I said in way of defense.

Oddly, that bright, sudden stroke of pain had brought back memories of our excellent sex the day before and I found myself aroused again.

My pulse beat wetly between my legs as I watched him study me, his face still very disapproving.

"Are you done what you were working on?"

I nodded, licking my lips as I studied his full mouth, his beard, his dark



"I SPREAD MY LEGS WIDER AND FELT HIS HANDS ON MY HIPS GROW A BIT HEAVIER."

brown eyes.

"Come in the bedroom and let me tape that. That one we did enough times I remember it by heart. The starfish pattern," he said, smiling.

"More like an asterisk," I said.

"Tomato, Toe-mah-toe," he said, holding out his hand.

I rose slowly, went to him, and took it. "Lead the way."

"You know I should spank your ass for running today?"

I smiled. "That would only encourage

me."

"Promise me," Nick said, walking hand in hand with me. "No running tomorrow. None. Nada. Zip."

I nodded. "I promise."

And this time I meant it.

In the bedroom, he nodded to the bed. "Take off your socks and pants. Assume the position," he said. "You know it."

And I did. I laid on my left side and pulled my leggings down to expose my right hip. Nick grabbed the tape. I found that my pulse was beating steadily not only in the expected places but in my cunt, too.

I didn't say anything. He was probably pissed at me, and rightly so.

"Right, let's do this, my stubborn one." He swabbed the area with an alcohol wipe and laughed when it brought forth a rash of goosebumps.

When it was dry, he ripped the first strip and applied it after poking my sore spot so he could locate the center.

"Ouch!"

"That's what you get."

Wetness slipped from my pussy, but I

EROTICA



stayed silent.

He laid the second strip to form a cross, then put the final two over that in an X. I was done. Nick rubbed the asterisk on my hips with his warm hand to get the adhesive to stick well.

He studied me, cocking an eyebrow. He kept my gaze and bent his head to kiss the center of the tape.

I smiled.

He pushed his fingers between my thighs from behind, then slipped one inside me.

"Are you, perhaps, turned-on, honey?" He wiggled that finger deep inside me and it stole my breath.

"Possibly," I said.

"You shouldn't be rewarded for being bad."

"But what if I swear to be good tomorrow and the next day as well?"

He acted as if he was considering it, but I could tell by his face he had every intention of fucking me.

I finally exhaled when he stood and took off his boots and then his jeans. He stripped while I laid there, watching.

"Off with the shirt," he said.

I struggled to take it off and he watched calmly, enjoying my struggle. I stuck my tongue out as I tossed my sweatshirt at him.

He snatched it from the air with one hand, shook his head, and dropped it on the chair.

"I should deny you the amazing sex, you know. Make you suffer."

"But you won't," I said, looking over my shoulder at him.

His gaze strayed to my ass and he shook his head. "I won't."

He got on the bed behind me, raised my leg a few inches, and held it there.

"Does that hurt?"

I shook my head. "No."

He tilted his hips forward, entering me slowly. I groaned. He was going so slowly it made me crazy.

"Patience," he said.

"Never heard of it," I joked.

He began to rock against me, his cock sliding in and out at the perfect angle. I wasn't averse to missionary, mind you, but when Nick fucked me from behind, there was something magical about it. We fit together well that way. It made for some eye-rolling orgasms and memorable sex.

He held my leg firmly, thrusting into me deeply. I pushed back, grinding against him, getting the perfect angle.

"I've thought of us fucking about a million times today," I confessed. "Thought about it yesterday. You inside me. Me coming. The way you feel when you're buried balls-deep in me and I reach orgasm."

He growled and I kept talking. "I didn't intend to hurt myself, but I'm not complaining about the bedside manner, that's for sure."

He chuckled and raised my leg a

“HIS MOUTH CAME DOWN ON ME, WET AND LOVELY.”

smidge more. Then he pounded into me, the bed shaking with the effort.

I reached down, giving my clit a few small easy strokes, and that was all it took. I came with a groan, my pussy spasming deliciously around his driving cock.

Nick pulled free of me and rolled me to my back. He pushed my thighs apart and got between them. I arched my hips up, realizing where this was headed. His mouth came down on me, wet and lovely. He sucked my tender clit until I could hardly breathe and then gave it a few lazy swipes with his tongue. I came again.

He pushed my thighs wide and slid into me. Eye to eye, belly to belly, he fucked me. I craned my neck to kiss him and he kissed me back. I played dirty and bit his lower lip. That sudden burst of pain did it. He came, groaning against my neck.

He whispered in my ear. “You know if you run the next two days I’m not fucking you.”

“I know.”

“But if you keep your word...”

“Yeah?” I asked, kissing the side of his head.

“I might have to keep on top of this tape thing. Make sure you’re well taken care of. If you get me.”

“I get you,” I said. “And I will be a complete angel.”

He snorted. “I’ll believe it when I see it.”





SPOTLIGHT ON GIRL MEETS GIRL

THE MUSE

An obligatory night-out with the girls turns into a first-time girl on girl that Angela will never forget.

A few years after I graduated college, one of my former sorority sisters got engaged. Ergo, I was obligated to embrace my role of Jillian's bridesmaid wholeheartedly—and for her sake and that of our friendship, I wanted to. So I went along with all the “bride, bride, bride, blah, blah, blah,” “saw this on Pinterest” bullshit. But really, I wanted to roll my eyes to the back of my skull and disappear.

At that point I was even more cynical than usual due to a rough breakup with my longtime boyfriend. A subsequent slew of bad rebound dates with losers only added insult to grievous emotional injuries. Still, I think happiness is contagious, and I was delighted for my friend to have found someone who treated her right. I also believe in the power of positivity and all that New Age jazz about manifesting your own happiness. However, I also have no problem making an exception to all of that for anyone who is dealing with being in a wedding party post-breakup like I was that summer. Such a situation should at least merit a warning label like “this might sting a little bit” or “contents under pressure.”

Still, even if I felt rotten on the inside, I took a deep breath, put on my sexiest black cocktail dress, and got a cab to meet my girl posse uptown at the little martini bar where Jillian was having her bachelorette party. Unlike my last dates, these ladies were worth the makeup, and it would be fun to reminisce.

Even though I like sex with men and had always identified as straight, before my ex and I broke up, I was already feeling this strange sexual frustration—I wanted things he couldn't possibly

give me. With the benefit of hindsight, I wished that I had been more sexually adventurous during college.

During those formative years on campus, you can just go to a party and blame the booze the morning after if you experimented and felt weird afterward. No harm, no foul—you kissed a girl, or he kissed a guy, and that's more or less the end of it. In real life, no such social safety nets or “understandings” seem to exist, and anyone with common sense

“I MOANED AS SHE KISSED DOWN MY NECK AND BEGAN TO PUMP HER FINGERS IN AND OUT.”

knows that you don't dare “experiment” within a 10-mile radius of your office. I joined a sorority and drunkenly kissed a few girls, but back then I was too shy to explore going further.

I've since dabbled with dating apps—in fact, I was using one to try to get a date to the wedding. However, as I swiped and swiped and stared off into the distance, it dawned on me that there's no option for the casual “sometimes I want to kiss another girl, don't label me” or “hey, I want to try this.” And I don't know about any of you other ladies out there, but I'm pretty fed-up with trying to seek out other girls on dating apps only to be asked

for a threesome “so my boyfriend can watch hahaha!” If you're a kinky couple, that's wonderful, but someone should probably make a separate dating app for straight couples seeking a third.

When we all finally assembled at the bar, Jillian wore a tiara and a white BRIDE! banner over her dress, as if she had won Miss America. The rest of us had to wear pink “I'm with the bride” banners—but I kept telling myself, at least it isn't a T-shirt. It could be worse. As I downed my first martini and made my way around the room to mingle, my friend Brooke, who was already married with two kids, waved to me. She had been a senior when Jillian and I were new pledges, but we'd all kept in touch.

“Wow! Angela, you look great!” Brooke gave me a hug. “How are you?” I smiled and shrugged. “I'm doing all right.”

“I heard about you and—”

“Yeah—no, it was bad.” I shook my head. “I don't want to put a damper on Jill's special night out.”

Brooke nodded. “Of course. If you need to vent or anything, I'm here.”

“Thanks,” I said. “I'm just going to be needing another martini—and since our waiter has disappeared, I'm going to run to the bar.”

“OK, hurry back!”

On my way past, I waved to the bride and held up my empty glass, pointing to the bar.

Jillian smiled, gave me a thumbs-up, and resumed her focus on the penis-shaped swizzle stick that one of the girls had slipped in her drink.

I approached the bar, grateful to have a few seconds to myself as I waited for the bartender to come to me. It wasn't crowded, but I was in no rush. I saw the cocktail napkin go down on the counter



in front of me, and I must've been in a daze, because I didn't hear her ask for my order.

"Miss? Hello?" This pint-sized blonde woman with some beautiful botanical-themed ink on both forearms looked at me quizzically.

I blinked and snapped out of my reverie. "Sorry!"

She laughed. "It's OK—but I was concerned, since I don't think you've had more than one drink, right?"

I nodded. "Correct." I paused, "I'm with the bridal party."

The bartender laughed. "Yeah. I can see that from your banner there." She pointed at my cleavage.

I had momentarily forgotten about the

monstrosity across my torso. "Oh, my gosh." I shook my head and laughed. "Tell me: Does it show on my face? Because if it does, then I'm really in trouble."

She laughed and shook her head. "Nah, you're OK. Let's get you a drink, Ms.—?"

"I'm Angela." I smiled. "Nice to meet you."

She took my hand and gave it the slightest squeeze. "Call me Erica." We held our hands together for a nanosecond longer than normal and suddenly I was blushing.

"Well, uh, Vesper Martini for me?" I stammered.

"Sure thing," Erica reached for a fresh

glass. "Go figure you're a classic cocktail kind of girl." She looked over her shoulder at me. "Black dress, pearls...do you own a mink for the winters here?"

I giggled. "I have both a coat and a muffler. What about you?"

Erica scooped some ice into the martini shaker. "Me? I'm a leather girl myself."

Style-wise, yes, we could not have been more different. Erica had a rebellious yet classic look that made her seem years longer than she actually was. I admired her boldness, but looks were only the beginning there.

Erica set down my martini. "Tell me how it is."

I took a swig and immediately felt that

LETTERS

➤ SPOTLIGHT ON GIRL MEETS GIRL



smooth but powerful “oomph” of vodka and gin.

“Oh! That’s good.” I nodded and sipped again, “Good and strong.”

Erica leaned in and whispered, “Good, because it’s on me.”

Suddenly I felt an electric jolt in my chest. “Oh?” I leaned in and whispered back. “Why would that be?”

Erica grinned. “Meet me out back when you finish your drink.”

I couldn’t believe it—without the crutch of a dating app or a drunken party setup, I was navigating my first real female flirtation—and with gusto. I have probably never downed a martini so fast, but I’d been waiting long enough for a chance like this.

When I came out the backdoor, Erica immediately put her arms around me and her tongue in my mouth. As our lips pressed together, the rush of kissing another woman that I’d sporadically partaken of in college was hitting me like a freight train, and I wanted more, more, more.

Erica’s hands crept up over my hips and reached down to cup my ass. She gave me a little squeeze back there, and

“ERICA ATE ME FROM BEHIND LIKE I’D NEVER BEEN EATEN BEFORE.”

my nipples got so hard they could have broken through drywall. “I knew it.”

“Hmmm?”

Erica kissed my neck and then my lips again. “You have a perfect ass. Just perfect.”

I giggled. “Well, thank you. No one’s said that before.”

Erica pulled a business card out of her pocket and slipped it into my purse. “Whatever happens when we’re done here, I really hope you’ll let me paint you.”

“You’re an artist?”

“Uh-huh,” Erica pulled me close again.

“But we’ll talk about that later.”

We resumed our passionate make-out session—and when Erica’s hand crept up my skirt, my panties were already soaked.

“Mmm, how nice. I like my girls juicy,” she whispered as her finger slipped right inside me.

I moaned as she kissed down my neck and began to pump her fingers in and out. “Oh, my God, that feels so good.”

Luckily the noise from the bar was loud enough to drown out my operatic moaning, because right there Erica finger-banged me to a body-shaking orgasm.

When she pulled her fingers out, Erica licked my juices off. “Mmm. That was good. Now I better get back to work, but call me, OK?”

Still feeling that orgasm in my toes, I grinned like an idiot and nodded. “Wait a minute though?”

“Yes?” Erica straightened her black work blouse.

“Why me? I mean, there are lots of nice asses to paint in this city.”

“You had a...let’s call it a Pippa Middleton moment when you first walked into the lounge. You didn’t see me yet, but I saw you, and there was no looking away.” She smiled at me.

I laughed. “Wow. OK.”

“So call me.” She kissed me again and went back inside.

I made a quick trip into the ladies’ room to touch up, and it was perfect timing because Jillian wanted to go see a drag show next.

After completing my bridesmaid duties that night, I couldn’t wait to call Erica. I made myself wait until afternoon the next day—which was probably too soon, but could anyone blame me for wanting more?

Erica, for her part, picked up on the first ring. “Ah. So you must’ve figured Monday is my day off.”

I laughed. “Is that an invitation?”

“Yes, I should say so.”

Erica gave me directions and the

buzzer number to her loft. I walked in to find her wearing paint-spattered denim coveralls but no bra or shoes in sight.

"Wow." I couldn't peel my eyes away from her pierced nipples, which were evident with the "side boob" angle.

Erica smirked at me. "I think I'm going to be the one going 'wow.'" She pulled me in for another knee-weakening kiss and whispered, "Let's get you undressed." My clit pulsed with excitement as Erica expertly took down the invisible zipper in the back of my dress and unhooked my bra.

"Ah, a classic brunette." Erica cupped my breasts and kissed her way down my navel. "Now turn around for me."

I turned and let her peel off my panties.

"Mmm, oh, my God." Erica gasped.

"What?" I laughed and looked back at her. Her expression was one of total reverence and awe as she squeezed my bottom.

"It really is perfection." She planted soft kisses along my lower back and butt cheeks. "I'm sorry, but before I paint you, I need to worship this."

I smirked. "I think that'll be OK." But even though I was, for want of a good pun, trying to be a "smart ass," I felt so turned-on as Erica spread my cheeks and examined every nook and curve.

"Well, I can't help it. You have a beautiful pussy, too." Erica planted some soft butterfly kisses right along the edge of the pink. "Your lips are so sculptural!"

"You like them?" I asked her. I reached down and opened myself up for her.

Erica kneaded the soft flesh of my bottom and dove right in with her tongue—the same hard, sexy tongue that drove me wild when it probed my mouth was a lethal weapon down here.

"Oh, my God." I felt my knees buckling already.

Erica moved me to her bed—which was a single large mattress in the corner. "Bottoms up, beautiful." She kissed me and I reassumed the position.

Erica ate me from behind like I'd never



LETTERS

➤ SPOTLIGHT ON GIRL MEETS GIRL



been eaten before. Her lips knew exactly where to suck, when to tug on my lips—and her tongue roved everywhere—and I mean everywhere. When she slid her fingers inside of me once more, I felt her tongue dance across my asshole.

I gasped and moaned into her sheets as her fingers and tongue worked me into another frenzied orgasm. I collapsed in a heap of pleasure. But when I reached for Erica, she shook her head. “I need to paint you now.”

“What? Don’t be crazy, get over here and let me make you come now.”

She laughed. “You can make me come, but trust me on this—it’s best if I capture you in a flushed state of arousal. Especially in this light.”

I wasn’t sure whether I was perplexed, understanding, or still too aroused to process, but I humored my eccentric artist. “OK, then, how do you want me to pose?”

“Face that window on your side and just keep your legs together with a natural bend.”

And so with my pussy still soaked, I remained posed for Erica for almost the

next hour while she worked. But it was worth building up the anticipation all over again. The minute she put down her brush and said “OK,” I turned around.

Erica unhooked her coveralls and let them drop to the floor. She didn’t wear any panties, either. And then, just like that, she was on top of me.

We kissed and ground our pussies together; I couldn’t wait to play with her pierced nipples.

“How do these not drive you crazy during the day?” I licked at her breast.

“Oh, but they do.” Erica grinned. “That’s the idea. Go on—you won’t hurt me.”

I took turns sucking on her pierced nipples and letting my tongue dance across the metal.

This must’ve gotten Erica worked up, because the next thing I knew, she flipped me over on my back and spread my legs. “Someday I’m going to paint this little cunt of yours, too.” She kissed her way down both of my inner thighs and then dove right back in to my wet folds.

I squealed in delight as she pinched and sucked on my clit.

“I GASPED INTO HER SHEETS AS HER FINGERS AND TONGUE WORKED ME INTO ANOTHER FRENZIED ORGASM.”

“I really want to fuck you today, though, Angela. Is that all right?”

In my pleasure-induced delirium, all I could do was nod.

Erica grinned and got up for a moment to retrieve a strap-on from her dresser. “Is it big enough for you?” She brandished her eight-inch jelly cock.

I giggled. “Mmm, I think so.”

We started off going at it missionary style and kissing more, but eventually I decided to go reverse cowgirl—anything to “inspire” Erica and also let me finally pleasure her!

While she enjoyed the view of the dildo taking me from behind, I stroked her clit and fingered her—and for a newbie, I want to say I did a pretty good job, because in no time we were sharing a nice, long orgasm together.

For a first-timer looking for her first encounter, I want to say that this encounter blew all of my expectations out of the water. I wasn’t going to label myself as anything or “come out” formally as bi, but I knew I wanted more.

About a week after our wild romp in her loft, Erica called me. “What are you doing?”

“About to invoice some clients, then hopefully leave work.”

I could hear her laughing on the other end of the phone.

“What?”

“Come over here when you’re done. Come as soon as you can.”

“Where’s here? Your loft?”



"Oh, sorry! I'm a bit overwhelmed. I'll text you the address. I'm so excited for you to see this."

After I left work, I took an Uber to the address Erica gave me. I hadn't bothered to look it up, but when my car pulled into an area of the city noted for its high-end galleries, my heart skipped a beat.

I stepped into one such gallery that was crowded and then I spotted Erica. Instead of a dress, she was wearing a tuxedo-style jacket and slacks. I smiled at her and she took my hand.

"Come here and take a look."

She led me to one of the largest pieces in the showroom, and sure enough, there I was—from the rear

anyway.

"Wow...my ass."

"Looks incredible?"

"Well, that and it's so...tall."

We laughed for a minute and then Erica got serious: "Listen, I really hope you're OK with this, Angela. I was asked at the last minute to submit for a competition tonight. Yours was the piece I chose."

I smiled. "No, it's beautiful and it's rather anonymous since you can't see my face."

"Thank you." She smiled at me. "So, if I win, do you think you'd pose for me again?"

"I'd do it again, anyway." I shrugged. "I mean, the first time went well, don't you think?"

Erica nodded and looked me over. "You know, I think the gallery might actually be running low on champagne. You had better come with me to help me find some."

I winked at her. "You know you hardly need a ruse to get my ass."

Erica's work won that night, no contest. However, when they announced, she was "indisposed," i.e., busy making me come again in the storage room.

Months later, I'm still not labeling anything, because that's not how artists think. But I will say that being someone's muse is agreeing with me.

—Angela H., via Los Angeles, CA



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➤ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

SEXUAL EXCAVATION

Nothing like making love with two men
in the great outdoors!

By Jane Kelly

Here's a little-known fact about archeology: After all the excavating and recording is done, archeologists spent their nights drinking and fucking. An excavation is like a naughty sleepaway camp. You're trapped far away from civilization with dozens of people who share your interests, no television, and too much alcohol. Sex is inevitable.

MAs dig director, though, I rarely partake. I have to set an example. But I'm aware of the undergrads and grad students sneaking away for drunken sex, and I'm incredibly jealous. I'm in my 30s and blessedly single, but I have a grown woman's needs, and I've spent too many nights frantically rubbing my clit alone in my tent.

My dig is a site in Chile's Atacama Desert. This last season, one of our trenches was finally showing a great deal of material, so I brought assistants from a partner university. When they showed up together, I immediately regretted my hiring choices. They were both distractingly attractive men, and I could hardly control my sexual urges around them. Henry was in his early 30s, with dark hair and a soccer player's body. The other was a bearded giant in his 40s named Ivan. He had brawny shoulders and a package substantial enough to make its presence known even in baggy field pants. As the weeks passed, my uncontrollable horniness had me masturbating every night to thoughts of kinky threesomes.

One Friday night, everyone sat around the campfire until past midnight, getting drunk and telling stories. I sat in a camp chair between Ivan and Henry, drinking my lukewarm beer and fantasizing.

The Atacama Desert is barren but

beautiful. There's almost no vegetation, and with such low humidity, the stars are brighter than almost anywhere on Earth. Tired of the conversation and wanting to be alone with my fantasies, I eventually went off on my own to stare up at the bright band of the Milky Way.

Footsteps sounded behind me, and I turned to see Henry and Ivan. My nipples instantly tightened. I was alone in the desert with two men I desperately wanted to see naked.

"AS HENRY'S TONGUE PLUNGED INTO MY MOUTH, IVAN SUCKED THE SIDE OF MY NECK."

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Ivan asked, looking up at the stars.

Alcohol loosened my tongue. "Did you guys follow me just to torment me?"

Henry frowned. "What do you mean?"

Fuck it. We had months ahead of us, and my horniness was just going to get worse. "You and your muscles," I said. "I can barely focus at the best of times. Now you're both here, late at night, taunting me with your sexiness."

Their mouths dropped open in identical expressions of shock. They looked at each other, engaging in a wordless conversation, and then Ivan circled around behind me while Henry stepped in front.

"You've been fantasizing about us?" Henry asked.

"Every night," I said. I could feel the heat of Ivan's body against my back.

"Both of us at once?" Ivan asked.

Oh my God, could this actually happen? I nodded.

Henry trailed a finger from my collarbone to my stiffened nipple. He pinched it and I shivered. "You should have said so on day one," he said. "We could have been fucking all this time."

Exhilaration shot through me as Ivan wrapped his arms around me, pinning me against him. As one of Ivan's hands slid down to rub my clitoris, Henry kissed me.

I moaned into his mouth. Their bodies were warm and firm, and I felt both of their erections pressing insistently against me. As Henry's tongue plunged into my mouth, Ivan sucked the side of my neck.

Then Henry began removing my clothes. Soon I stood entirely naked in the starlight, my toes digging into the soft soil.

The men stripped, too, and laid their clothes out on the ground, making a makeshift bed. Henry guided me down, then knelt at my head to pin down my arms while Ivan settled between my legs. Ivan started eating me out, and as his beard rasped against my thighs, I arched and moaned. Henry gripped both of my wrists in one hand and used the other to squeeze and torment my breasts. I was so turned-on, all I could think about was getting their cocks in me.

"I want to taste you," I told Henry.

He shifted around until he was straddling my face. As he guided his cock into my mouth, Ivan pushed two fingers inside me. It was thrilling. Henry



LETTERS

▾ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



tasted so good, all salty and masculine, and I loved the way his dick bumped against my throat. I could hardly breathe, but who needed to breathe with a cock like that to worship?

Ivan worked me with single-minded dedication. My lower belly tightened, and then the tension exploded. I came against his mouth, and Henry's dick muffled my cries.

As if my orgasm was a signal, the men shifted positions, placing me on my hands and knees. Ivan gripped my hair and guided his thick erection into my mouth. It was almost too much to take, but I relaxed my throat until he slid as deep as he could get.

"Good girl," he said in a gruff voice. "Now we're going to fuck you."

I heard the crinkle of a foil wrapper and pulled away just long enough to speak. "Yes," I said. "Please fuck me."

Henry penetrated me on a long stroke. The pressure pushed me forward until Ivan's cock hit the back of my throat, and soon we had worked out the perfect rhythm. Every time Henry thrust into me, I swallowed as much of Ivan as I could take. Ivan still had his hand

**"SOON I STOOD
ENTIRELY NAKED
IN THE STARLIGHT,
MY TOES DIGGING
INTO THE
SOFT SOIL."**

fisted in my hair, and as they used me together, filling me up from both sides, I'd never felt so perfectly filthy.

It wasn't enough, though. I wanted more, deeper, rougher. I wanted to be fucked so hard I wouldn't be able to walk the next day. "Both of you at once," I demanded.

Ivan grinned. "Fuck, I knew you'd be perfect. I've been fantasizing about you for weeks." He tugged my hair hard enough to make my eyes water.

Henry grunted. "Me, too." His next thrusts were so hard I cried out. They

were starting to lose control, and I wanted more.

"I'm yours," I said. "Use me."

Henry pulled out, but before I could mourn the loss of his cock, he lay down on the pile of clothes, taking me with him. My back was pressed to his sweat-dampened chest, and then he worked a finger inside my anus, using the moisture from my body as lubrication.

"There's lube in my tent," I panted, then laughed as Ivan snuck away, stark naked. Luckily, my tent was far enough from the others that no one would see him in the dark. By the time Ivan returned, Henry had worked two fingers into me. The burn was delicious, and I couldn't wait to feel his cock inside my ass.

Ivan squeezed lube onto my opening, and Henry worked it into me with firm strokes. Soon my entrance was slippery enough for him to fit a third finger. I cried out, arching, and Ivan leaned over to suck and bite my nipples.

"Are you ready?" Henry asked.

I was so turned-on I couldn't speak. I nodded frantically, then moaned as Henry's cock pressed into my ass. He moved with slow nudges, working

himself deeper, until finally he was seated all the way inside. I was stuffed full of him, and every time he moved, my pussy clenched with the need for release. He wrapped his arms around me and began fucking me with slow, luscious strokes.

Ivan retrieved another condom from his discarded pants. He slid it over that thick erection, and my body trembled with need. I was wetter than I'd ever been in my life. He moved over us, then fit his dick against me and pushed into my vagina.

Henry went still, and thank God for that. It was so much—too much—and I whimpered as my body struggled to accommodate two thick cocks at once. Henry started to pull out, but I slapped his forearm. "Don't you dare," I said. "Just give me a minute."

I breathed into the stretch and reached down to rub my clitoris. Soon my body relaxed, and the pressure felt good. Not just good—necessary. "Now," I said. "Fuck me together."

They did, pushing and retreating, finding a rhythm that had me gasping. I was stuffed full of them, my body thoroughly occupied, and the pleasure was so intense I couldn't stop moaning. Ivan had the most room to move, and he thrust hard and deep, that thick, perfect cock filling me up almost to the point of pain. I was sandwiched between them, their hard bodies working on either side of me, and I'd never felt so overwhelmed in my life. It was animalistic, raw, and primal. As they plundered my body, owning me utterly, I stopped being a dig director or a scholar or even a person. I was nothing but need, my identity reduced to two greedy holes.

"Harder," I demanded, and Ivan obliged.

Henry cursed in my ear, and his arms tightened around my torso. "You greedy little slut," he whispered.

"Yes," I gasped. "I am."

"You like having two cocks in you?"



LETTERS

➤ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



**“I WANTED TO BE
FUCKED SO HARD
I WOULDN’T BE
ABLE TO WALK
THE NEXT DAY.”**

You like being our plaything?”

My vagina clenched at the words, and Ivan gripped my hips tighter as he bucked into me. He was sweating, his muscles straining in the moonlight.

“I love it,” I moaned. “Use me. Please.”

An orgasm was building. My body tightened, and my vision started to go dark. As their movements grew jerkier, the extra roughness gave me the edge I needed to come. The most intense orgasm of my life shuddered through me in a prickling, tingling, mind-numbing wave of pleasure. I screamed and writhed as my body clenched over and over.


Both men were swearing and grunting as they rode out the final shudders of my orgasm. Henry came first with a strangled cry, and Ivan followed, plunging deep inside and shuddering as his come pumped into me.

My body was so sensitive that I shivered when they pulled out. Dazed and blissful, I stared up at the Milky Way as they settled on either side, cuddling me close.

“How many more months are left in the dig season?” Ivan asked.

“Two.” My voice was lazy from residual bliss.

“Thank God.”

It was a night I would never forget, one we would repeat many times that summer. I was the luckiest lady with access to two perfect cocks, and I was no longer jealous of anyone else’s sexy field season. 



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➤ STEPPING OUT

❶ SOAKING WET

I work as a hospitality consultant, traveling the country telling people how to fix their hotels. Usually I travel solo, leaving my husband alone at home, but my company recently hired a new consultant who was supposed to shadow me.

One day we were assigned a client way outside our city. The place was too remote to fly, and trains were out of the question. Instead, the boss rented us a flashy red convertible to make the trip.

Almost immediately our awesome road trip took a turn for the worse. The sky turned a greenish gray before unleashing a torrent of rain. We scrambled to pull up the convertible's cover, getting drenched in the process.

Then the road started to flood—slowly at first, until suddenly the asphalt gave way to rushing water. With nowhere left to go, Jeff made a sharp turn onto a narrow road that cut through the woods.

For miles, we passed nothing but

trees. Then finally, a dull yellow light glowed in the distance. Nowhere near our destination, we headed toward the light, hoping to find a safe place to ride out the storm.

A motel appeared at the side of the road. Knowing we would never make it to our client that night, we decided to stay.

After a brief encounter with the motel's desk clerk, we headed back into the rain to find our room. By the time we fought the old door open, we were both soaked.

Desperate to warm up, I didn't think twice about stripping in front of my subordinate. I peeled off my soaking blouse and wrung it out over the sink, then did the same with my skirt.

Shivering, I looked up at the towel rack, dismayed to find nothing.

Rivulets of water dripped from my hair and traveled down my skin, causing my nipples to bead painfully against my soaking bra. I needed to get out of the underwear, too.

"It's warmer under the covers," Jeff

called to my back.

Turning, I saw Jeff's bare shoulders peeking out from the top of the comforter. His eyes twinkled as his lips lifted into a slow smile, daring me to join him.

His gaze felt like fire on my skin. A searing blush spread from my cheeks to my chest, erasing the goosebumps that had risen moments earlier.

The space between my thighs grew hot and slick. Every inch of my body was soaking-wet.

Emboldened by the twinkle that lit Jeff's eye, I peeled the sopping cups of my bra away from my breasts, sighing as my swollen nipples were exposed to the air. Then I rolled my damp, silken panties off and kicked them away.

Jeff lifted the sheets, giving me a glimpse of his naked body. "Get over here, boss lady," he said with a growl.

I'd barely settled my butt on the bed when Jeff wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me against him. He curved his body around mine, nestling his cock between my ass cheeks.

Wanting to feel more, I wiggled my hips, liking that I could feel him thicken against me. Then the hand that settled on my stomach started moving lower, slipping between my thighs to stroke the bundle of nerves hiding at their apex.

My body melted under Jeff's touch, instantly turning me from a dripping, shivering mess to a hot and horny vixen. As my muscles relaxed, my back arched like a cat's, pushing my ass even closer to Jeff.

Taking my cue, Jeff parted my folds with his fingers, spreading the liquid arousal that collected there.

I leaned into Jeff with a sigh, wiggling my ass against his dick some more. The silken skin slid against my ass cheeks, so hot and hard. Still, as close as he held me, it wasn't enough. I wanted to taste him. To run my fingers through Jeff's wet, unkempt curls while I pressed



his lips against mine.

Slowly, I turned toward Jeff. Winding my arms around his neck, I pulled us close and brushed my lips over his, coaxing him to open up to me. He tasted salty and sweet—like the chocolate pretzels we were snacking on in the car—but better.

We stayed like that for a while, kissing and cuddling, exploring one another's bodies. My fingers slid easily through his sodden locks, making it easy to take control.

Growling, Jeff rolled me over, landing on top of me so that his body caged mine. Ready to surrender, I lifted my arms over my head, signaling to Jeff that he was in control.

Jeff took the reins with gusto, using a large, strong hand to grip my wrists and hold them over my head. "So Boss Lady doesn't like being in control all the time, hmm," he whispered against my lips.

Not trusting my voice to stay steady if I spoke, I offered a smile and a quick nod.

Jeff smiled back. A naughty glint lit his eyes. "Well, as your subordinate, it's my duty to fulfill your desires."

I closed my eyes, intent to absorb all the sensations coursing through my body. Another kiss from Jeff seemed to emit a shower of sparks over my skin, making my lips tingle beneath his.

Slowly his kisses moved away from my lips, trailing a path from my cheek to my neck. He nuzzled the sensitive spot behind my earlobe, giving it a quick nip before soothing the skin with another soft kiss.

A dull pulse pounded a steady beat between my legs. I ached for Jeff—and not just his hands. I wanted to feel his thick dick inside me. To feel him slowly slide in, stretching my walls until I fit him perfectly.

But Jeff seemed content to take his time exploring. His long, lithe body made it easy for him to keep my wrists restrained as he slid down my torso, licking and kissing my skin along



"HE CURVED HIS BODY AROUND MINE, NESTLING HIS COCK BETWEEN MY ASS CHEEKS."

the way. When he reached my hips he brought my arms down onto my stomach, keeping a tight grip. Then he nipped a line across the sensitive skin beneath my belly button.

I groaned, rubbing my thighs together to try to quell the insistent pulse in between. Although Jeff was quite a way from my clit, I felt little twinges there every time his teeth grazed my skin.

Though I'd pledged to cede control, I longed to touch Jeff, to map his body by molding it against mine. My legs drifted apart and I brushed against him, wiggling when his wiry hair tickled my skin.

Unfortunately that was the closest I would get to exploring Jeff. His weight held me down, leaving little room for me to move. Instead I sank deeper into the mattress, completely relaxed as my subordinate consumed me.

Jeff moved further down. He pressed his nose to the apex of my thighs, breathing in deeply as he nuzzled close to my clit.

He looked up at me, pinning me with a mischievous smile as he said, "I'll let go of your hands, but you have to keep them in one place. Cup your breasts, Tanya."

Jeff loosened his grip on my wrists, allowing me to slip from his hold.

Eager to please, I skimmed my hands over my belly and headed straight to my breasts. My fingertips grazed their underside first, pressing against the pillow-soft flesh. Then I cradled them in my palms, allowing my nipples to peek out from between my fingers.

"So obedient," Jeff murmured against my thigh.

Then he sealed his lips over my clit and sucked, drawing the sensitive nub between his teeth.

My screams echoed off the motel room's paper-thin walls. It felt like an electrical charge pulsed through my veins, making my arms and legs jerk from its force.

Ever the overachiever, Jeff read my body's signals, allowing them to guide him in his quest to make me come. He kept his lips tight around my clit as he flicked it with his tongue, plying me with the pressure I so desperately craved.

Then I felt Jeff's fingers part my folds once more. He rubbed the thick, sensitive lips, spreading the juices that seeped from my core. Once they were good and wet, he slid three fingers inside me, filling me up.

The result was mind-blowing, pushing me into an orgasm that had my body lifting off the bed. Before I could finish, Jeff slid his hands underneath my ass

LETTERS

➤ STEPPING OUT



and scooped me up, lifting my hips to meet his own.

Jeff's thick, pulsing dick that had felt so good against my ass earlier was slipping inside my slit now, stretching me wide to accommodate him. We hadn't bothered with a condom and I didn't care. I wanted his hot come to spurt inside me, to feel the full force of his pleasure that my body inspired.

Once Jeff was fully seated within, he pulled back slowly, stopping when only the tip of his dick remained inside. He paused that way for a moment, looking me straight in the eye, his steely grey irises sparkling. Then he slammed back into me, making my head fall back with a groan.

A wicked smile lifted Jeff's lips as he pulled out to the tip, then drove back inside again. The position angled my body upward, amplifying the sensations and pulling a scream from me with every thrust.

Jeff set a punishing pace, making my body move forward on the bed every time he buried himself inside me. Like a well-oiled machine, every time I was pushed away, Jeff flexed his powerful biceps and pulled me back. He tossed me around like a rag doll, and I loved every second.

Jeff slowed and my body went into

**“I FELT LITTLE
TWINGES THERE
EVERY TIME HIS
TEETH GRAZED
MY SKIN.”**

overdrive. Something about that change in rhythm made my walls twitch, rippling over Jeff's dick. Meanwhile, my breath felt caught in my chest. It was as though my brain could only focus on one body part at a time, and my pussy had claimed that distinction.

Finally, it felt like all of the air came rushing back into my lungs at once. Instead of just my pussy, my whole body began to twitch, opening the floodgates for a rush of hot, liquid come.

As my body began to relax, Jeff let out a long, strangled scream of his own. His grip around my thighs tightened as he pumped his seed into me.

Once his breathing slowed, Jeff eased

my body down and crawled onto the bed next to me, pulling me close before tugging the sheets back over our bodies, marking our first night of many together.

—T.T., via email

🕒 THE AU PAIR

Two years ago, my marriage was on the rocks—at the time, I wasn't sure we were going to last through the holidays. What had started out as

petty arguments had blown into full-on fights, and my wife Stephanie and I were spending more and more time apart—and sex was nonexistent. However, for the sake of the kids, we tried to keep things as “normal” as possible. In a last-ditch effort to calm things down around the house, I suggested that we look into getting a nanny to handle the errands and soccer runs—this way maybe if we eliminated some of the day-to-day stress, we'd have a chance to reconnect...or not. Since this was something my wife and I could finally agree on, I was all for it.

Stephanie had a colleague who knew of a reputable au pair agency, and that's how we got hooked up with Sophie. Now, here's where my marriage almost crashed and burned again...and no, it's not how you think. Not entirely, anyway.

Sophie was nineteen years old and came from the south of France. It was perfect practically speaking, because my wife uses French for business (she's a wine importer), and she wanted the kids to pick it up as a second language.

Sophie moved in with us in late May, just as the kids were almost done with school for the summer. This would be perfect—our new au pair could shuttle them between activities and keep them busy so Stephanie and I could have some space. Unfortunately, any “space” can become cramped in a hurry when

you have a gorgeous nineteen-year-old lounging topless by the pool.

It was a Wednesday afternoon. Stephanie was out shopping, and I thought I had the house to myself when I emerged from my home office. I went into the kitchen to get a cup of coffee and saw Sophie, clear as day, topless by our pool.

I wasn't at all the cliché perv dad trying to nail the teen nanny. Sure, she was a cute girl—very bubbly, tight body, pretty long blonde hair. But given the state of my marriage, there was no way I was going to tread on thin ice.

However, I'm a red-blooded man, so I couldn't help but stop and just at those perky tits. I didn't hear Stephanie come in through the front door.

"You like the view?" my wife scoffed from the opposite doorway.

I spilled my coffee on my wrist. "Ow!"

Stephanie rolled her eyes. "Serves you right."

"What? Someone needs to tell her this isn't the Riviera, unless you want her setting an example for our kids."

"Oh, don't make this about cultural differences. You clearly have no problems with it!"

"Steph, please," I sighed.

"No really, it's rather perfect actually: you cheating on me with the au pair."

"Hey—keep your voice down." There was no reasoning with my wife when she was jealous and itching for a fight, and I was doing all I could to avoid more landmines. "I would never do that. I've never lied to you."

My wife shrugged. "Well if you don't fuck her, then maybe I will just to change things up!" And with that, she huffed off.

Stephanie was a stunning and tall brunette with a dancer's body (even after three kids), and before everything had started to pile up, we had a great sex life and doted on each other. It killed me to feel so cut off.

I retreated back to my den for the duration of the day and night. I figured

the office futon was a safer bet than going upstairs until Stephanie had cooled off. I didn't think anything of what she said about her fucking our au pair—I figured she was just being spiteful.

I kept a low profile at home until the weekend. And Saturday morning, I slept late. Steph's car was gone and the kids would already be at day camp, so once again I figured, based on the silence in the house, that I was alone. I emerged from the den and headed upstairs to the shower.

I wrapped a towel around my waist and headed for the kitchen, but suddenly there was Sophie sprawled on the couch with a devilish look on her face. She was barefoot and wearing only a bikini top and tiny denim cutoffs.

"Bonjour, Mr. Miller," Sophie chuckled and stretched her long legs across the cushions so her already short-shorts rode up even higher.

"W—why aren't you with the kids today?"

"Because your wife took them to her

mother's house and gave me the day off...for the most part," she giggled.

"Come on—go put something on. You shouldn't run around in the house like that, or Mrs. Miller will get upset."

Sophie licked her lips. "I don't think so."

Taken aback, I paused thinking maybe she had misunderstood my English.

"Sophie, listen: My wife will get very angry if she thinks somehow I'm...er, look, she can be jealous at times, OK?"

"Oh?" Sophie sat up and stretched so her boobs squished together. "But there is no reason to be."

I sighed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you—"

"No, non, Monsieur. I mean, your wife has seen more of my body than you have."

"Wait, what?"

Sophie giggled and bounced up trying to put her arms around my waist. "It's OK. She told me it was OK."

"Told you what?" I was starting to get exasperated. "No games, please."

Sophie shook her head. "No, monsieur. I'm telling the truth: After your



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wife made love to me, she told me I should have some fun with you.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “You...and my wife...”

Sophie giggled and nodded. “She’s a very sexy woman.” She reached up to stroke the side of my newly clean-shaven face. “And Mrs. Miller says you are very sexy—very...uh, hung man? Is that how you say ‘big dick’ in English?”

I nodded.

“Come on, Mr. Miller. I don’t want to disappoint your wife. She’ll be wanting to know.”

“Well I want to know.” I cleared my throat. “If you really had sex with my wife, what does she like?”

“You want proof? Very well. She wanted me to join her in the shower first, then we made it to the bed and she used her purple toy on me.”

Sophie’s story checked out: shower-play session and Stephanie’s old-school violet-glow vibrator—that used to be part of our routine. I was in a daze, and then I felt Sophie put her hand on my towel.

“Let me, Monsieur.” Her sweet face beamed up at me as she got on her

knees. The towel fell to the ground and before I knew it, this sweet French woman was working my shaft in and out of her mouth.

I groaned. “Wait—what if she comes home?”

Sophie audibly slurped on the head of my dick. “Don’t worry about that. You will see.” Sophie continued to suck and swallow me, and I couldn’t help but give in.

But I wanted to make sure I got to enjoy her young body, too—just as much as my

**“SOPHIE
CONTINUED TO
SUCK AND
SWALLOW ME,
AND I COULDN’T
HELP BUT GIVE IN.”**

wife did. “Stop for a minute—take off your clothes. I want to please you, too.”

I couldn’t resist the opportunity to taste her pussy. I put Sophie on the couch and used the cushions to tilt her back, exposing every inch of her young slit. And can I just say: “*Ooh la la!*”—because it suddenly occurred to me just how very taboo this was—me, being in my forties tonguing a babe who was literally half my age, a babe who had also slept with my wife. I wasn’t sure which of those things was more arousing, but my brain was soon short-circuited by the musky smell of Sophie’s arousal.

“Ahh!” she moaned loudly—in both French and English. “*Mon dieu*, oh fuck! Don’t stop!”

I slipped three fingers inside of her and pumped her while keeping time on her clit with my tongue and other fingers.

And just as my sweet au pair was coming, my wife walked in the front door. I looked up and gasped as panic shot through me, but happily, there was no reason to worry.

“Oh no, don’t stop on my account.” Stephanie sat her expensive handbag down and folded her arms. “Gene, let that poor girl come, for crying out loud.”

“R—really? So it’s true...”

Stephanie smiled at me like she hadn’t smiled in months. “Every word out of her cute bilingual mouth. Now, make her come. I want to watch.”

Not wanting to let either woman down, I resumed my “work” until Sophie cried out in bliss. When it happened, I looked up to find Stephanie standing right behind where Sophie was on the couch.

My wife reached down to cup Sophie’s tits and kiss her neck. “Thank you so much for obliging me today, Sophie.”

Sophie giggled. “My pleasure.”

Then my wife was back to business. “Now, I want you to fuck her, and I’m going to watch that, too.”

Sophie winked at me and got down on all fours in the middle of the rug. I entered her from behind, and my



wife was directly opposite us on the chair. While I savored the sensation of her tight, gleaming pussy around my dick, the most memorable part of that day was watching Stephanie lift her skirt and pleasure herself as she watched me with our au pair. Seeing the contorted expressions of pleasure on my wife's face made me want her even more.

"Wait..." I pulled out of Sophie.

"Steph, come here. Let me fuck you, and you can take care of our beautiful guest."

All the iciness in my wife's demeanor melted away. "Really?"

"I want you." I looked squarely at my wife and gave Sophie a gentle pat on the butt. "Besides, from what I hear, she got to have you already."

Stephanie laughed. "She did."

Sophie reached over and kissed my wife. "And hopefully you'll have me all summer long, *oui*?"

"*Oui, mademoiselle.*" Stephanie laughed...and then my wife kissed me—at last.

From there, we continued our *ménage à trois* in earnest, but this time I fucked my wife like never before. And when I came, she insisted on taking my whole load in her mouth. But don't worry—Sophie wasn't left out of the fun.

After everyone had a little nap, Steph and I spent the remainder of the day double-teaming our gorgeous, horny au pair. There's nothing quite like a common goal or interest to bring a couple together.

—Anonymous, via email

CHEAT DAY

My wife kissed me, looked warmly into my eyes, and said, "Have fun tonight." Then she sent me out to go fuck some other woman. I know. Sounds crazy. Sounds



made-up. But Tiffany and I love each other deeply. We also have an understanding. Once a year on a specific day, we were free to have sex with any other willing partner. On our Cheat Day, all the rules of matrimony were suspended.

We'd been doing it for years now. The first time I'd told my best friend Ben about it, he didn't believe me. We'd been out together at a club and he'd seen me pick up a woman and leave with her.

The next day Ben cornered me at the office. "Look, Harlan, I don't think it's cool what you did last night. But I want you to know I won't tell Tiffany about it."

I smiled. "You don't have to. I already told her."

Ben's jaw dropped. "What?"

I explained Cheat Day to him. He still couldn't wrap his head around it. "But how can the two of you stand it?"

"It's like a release valve," I explained. "You're not married, maybe you don't know. Pressure builds. You love your spouse but you're with them every day, and you'll never have another lover again. With Cheat Day we have a little harmless fun outside our marriage."

Ben still had trouble believing it was "harmless." But it was. I'd had a great time with the woman from the club the previous night, but I wasn't tempted to see her again, or any other woman...at least not until next year.

But I would have these new memories with me. The woman's hot naked body, the way she'd writhed underneath me,

the feeling of her heaving tits, and the hard jets of my come blasting into her as she cried out in ecstasy.

Tiffany, meanwhile, had gotten herself a stud that same night. The guy had fucked her brains out, and I was perfectly okay with it, knowing our marriage would only be stronger for it.

"But doesn't it make you want to cheat for real?" Ben persisted. "With Tiffany not knowing about it?"

"No," I said. "The complete opposite, in fact." Which was true. Tiffany and I were far more honest with each other than any other couple we knew.

So off I went into the night to seek out some strange pussy, with my wife's blessing. And yes, I felt like the luckiest man in the world.

I hit a jazz club, but it was an older, somber clientele, though the music was great. I went from there to the place I'd gone with Ben on that other Cheat Day, but I didn't have any luck. Nothing seemed to be clicking. I wondered uneasily if I was going to end up squandering this once-in-a-year opportunity.

Finally, I went into an unfamiliar lounge. The quiet was a bit of a relief. I ordered a glass of wine and sat at a table by myself.

Maybe I had lost my touch. Maybe my happy marriage to Tiffany had eroded my game and I wasn't even capable of luring another woman anymore. Objectively I considered myself fit and good-looking. But maybe my opinion didn't mean anything.

LETTERS

➤ STEPPING OUT

"Can I join you?"

I looked up and my eyes went wide. A very attractive woman in a snug black dress was standing by my table.

I blurted, "Absolutely." I watched her sit, liking the poise of her movements. She had an elegant face, and her generous breasts were half-exposed by the low-cut dress. Desire rippled through me. My cock started growing in my slacks, but maybe she was just being friendly.

"I'm Beth."

"Harlan," I answered.

We began to chat—easy conversation, safe topics. She was obviously intelligent. When she laughed, it was a sweet purring sound. Her gaze was steady, her eyes bright. She certainly seemed to be checking me out.

Finally, she said, "I keep wanting to say something flirty, but I see that ring on your finger." She smiled wistfully.

I didn't take my ring off on Cheat Day. Neither did Tiffany. We didn't want to give our temporary sex partners any illusions.

"How about I say something flirty to you?" I countered.

Her smile broadened. "I think you just did."

So I told her about Cheat Day, expecting her to storm off halfway through my explanation. (That had happened before.) But she listened intently.

"That's a brilliant idea," she said. "If I'd had that with my last husband, we might still be married."

"You're extremely attractive," I said. "But I turn back into a pumpkin at midnight."

She grinned, grabbed my hand, and took me out of there. She lived four blocks away. I barely saw her apartment as she towed me into her bedroom. In a flash she'd shed the black dress. Her naked body was eye-poppingly beautiful. Her big tits were firm, her ass was taut. She gave off a smoldering sexuality that now blazed into a high heat.

I got out of my clothes. We didn't make it to her bed, which waited nearby, broad and inviting. We rushed at each other and I caught her in my arms. Her skin felt incredibly smooth on mine as she pulled herself tightly against me.

Our mouths came together in a hungry, slaving kiss. Lips smeared on lips. Our tongues met and tangled. We kissed deep, deeper, holding tight to one another. My fiercely hard cock rubbed on her soft, flat belly. Her tits pressed on my chest, her two nipples as stiff as ice.

She squeezed my shoulders. I reached down to cup the sweet swells of her ass. She jammed her crotch on me, and I felt her hairless pussy's slick readiness. Her needy moans had the same purring sound as her laughter, only more urgent, more lustful.

At last we tumbled together onto her bed. I got her onto her back, but not to fuck her. I wanted to savor this, to have the full sexual experience with her which would last through the next year.

I kissed and licked my way down her body, pausing to suck each of her tits until she was heaving them at my face and mewling with pleasure. I finished nibbling her nipples, then moved down until I was shouldering my way in between her silken thighs.

I gazed on her pussy's gleaming lips. I drew in her scent, which made my cock throb even harder than it already was. Finally, I started licking her up and down. Her flavor coated my tongue. I probed inside, tasting her inner juices. Her ass quivered underneath her.

When I zeroed in on her clit, her hips began to buck. She shoved her pussy against my mouth, and I tongued her as deep as was humanly possible. I continued to lap and coax her love nub until the cry rose from deep in her throat. She humped my face hard and then came, spilling her juice into my mouth. I swallowed eagerly.

Now she wanted to have her taste of me. I obliged, lying back. She hunkered between my legs. She started off licking my balls, which sent pleasure humming all through me. She moved up to slip her lips over my bloated cockhead. Her tongue flicked me, and every muscle



jumped in my body.

I lifted my head and watched my inches disappear into her mouth. What a beautiful sight. She sucked me expertly, dropping her mouth down my shaft in one uninterrupted plunge, not even pausing for her gag reflex. Then she lifted her head and dropped it. Lift. Drop. Up, down. Suctioning me the whole time, her tongue doing crazy things to my shaft. I growled with pleasure.

But she released me before I got to the point of no return. I was glad when she climbed on top of me, keeping me on my back. She took hold of my spit-wet cock and put it in her pussy, lowering herself deliciously onto me. Again I watched the magic trick: my cock disappearing into the beautiful woman, ta-da!

Her pussy walls gripped me in a wet, velvety fist. She ground down hard on me, taking every last millimeter of me up into her gorgeous body. I reached up and fondled her tits. I tweaked her luscious nipples and watched the pleasure play across her elegant features.

She rode me, again up and down, up and down. Her body flexed, and her breasts heaved in my hands. I moved them to her hips and thrust up into her, matching her downward lunges. We moved perfectly together. Sometimes it wasn't so smooth on Cheat Day. I was glad Beth had decided to sit at my table.

Suddenly she was moving at a gallop, bouncing wildly on my cock. Her face tightened and she let out a cry. Her pussy gripped me furiously. I saw her climax rise through her like a visible energy, twisting pleasure from every part of her. I almost joined her but held back. I wanted all of her I could get.

When she slowed, I eased her off me and spread her on the bed. I moved onto her. Her flesh was damp with exertion now, her face bleary with lust. She was still intensely beautiful. I set my cock to her pussy, and she welcomed me in, lifting her hips, hands pulling on



**“I DREW IN HER
SCENT, WHICH
MADE MY COCK
THROB EVEN
HARDER THAN IT
ALREADY WAS.”**

my shoulders.

I stroked deep into her, appreciating every bit of her, her looks, her vitality, her flexibility. I touched her at her core, feeling her quiver beneath me, pleased to be giving as well as receiving such pleasure. Nothing could ever be better than sex with my wife, but a respite like this—especially with a woman as dynamic as Beth—was a great joy. That it was only an annual event just made it sweeter.

I fucked Beth with a little more speed,

picking up the tempo about every ninety seconds. I watched the ecstasy slowly build in her. I was timing myself to duplicate it. I wanted this to be just right.

Our bodies smacked together. She bucked underneath me. Her fingers dug into my shoulders. Her teeth bared. I felt the runaway joy in me now, hurtling beyond my control. She started to thrash furiously, and a raw cry tore from her.

I added a yowl of my own and felt my thick, gooey spurts jet into her. She jerked and flailed and came with me. It was a lovely shared bliss.

Afterward, I kissed her, thanked her, dressed, and left. I told Tiffany all about it when I got home.

—H.G., via Hudson, NY

Have you ever brought a special guest star into your loving matrimony, or been allowed to stray for the night? Send your story to: Penthouse Letters, Department DD, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



➤ KINKY COUGARS

🔑 UNDER THE COVERS

When my son asked if he could invite a friend to stay with us for Christmas break, I didn't have the heart to say

no. The holidays are pretty low-key in our family; one more person couldn't hurt.

Then Matthew arrived with his friend Connor and I couldn't hide my shock. This was no awkward young adult who had come to stay; he was a full-blown man. A fresh 22, Connor was broad and toned—the mark of a young, active soccer player who spends more time at the gym than at the library.

Forcing myself to swallow my tongue, I tried to ignore the way Connor looked at me when I leaned forward to shake his hand, allowing the weight of my breasts to push the deep V-neck of my shirt down, providing a generous view of my cleavage.

We danced around each other for a few days, indulging in some friendly flirting as long as Matthew wasn't within earshot. Then it happened. Connor and I found ourselves alone for the first time since the boys arrived. Matthew's father needed his help overnight, and while Connor was welcome to join them, he opted to stay behind with me.

Trying to act casual, I suggested that we watch a movie. When I returned to the den with popcorn, Connor had already dimmed the lights and cued up the film.

I joined Connor on the couch, pretending I could sit next to him without jumping his young, hot body. Though I tried to put a bit of distance between us, Connor cleared it immediately. He settled himself next to me and pulled a large blanket over us.

As soon as Connor's hands were out of sight, they began to meander across my body, trailing over my side, hips, and thighs.



"I've been wanting to touch you since the moment I saw you," he whispered before dipping his tongue into my ear.

Gasping, I tilted my head to the side, offering up my neck for Connor to taste next.

Connor kissed my neck, suckling the sensitive skin. When he'd had his fill, he plotted a path to my collarbone and dipped his tongue in the indentation.

Then he laid me down, moving over me so that the weight of his tight, muscular body pressed me into the couch.

Getting into our little make-out session, I wound my arms around his neck, pulling us together until the planes of both of our bodies seemed to meld together. I hooked my leg over Connor's, lifting myself into him so that I could grind my pelvis against his hard, hot body.

My shameless dry-humping allowed me to get a feel for Connor's lithe, sculpted frame. His cock's long, thick outline could be felt through his sweatpants, making my pussy scream out for some attention.

Have I mentioned that Connor spoke with an accent? A brogue, to be exact. In between sucking and nuzzling my neck, he would whisper in my ear, sharing all the naughty ways he was going to bring me pleasure.

"I can't wait to taste your come," he

murmured, giving my earlobe a quick nip.

Feeling like I could orgasm from the sound of his voice and the weight of his body on me alone, I asked, "Why wait?"

It was all the encouragement that the gorgeous young jock needed. He slid down my body and grabbed my yoga pants' waistband, then continued his journey south, bringing the garment along with him.

When Connor realized I wore no underwear beneath my pants, a slow smile lifted his lips. "Beautiful," he drawled as he dropped his head between my legs.

Here's the thing about bedding college boys: What they lack in experience, they make up for in enthusiasm. Connor licked me like an ice-cream cone beginning to melt. Even with no discernible rhythm, the intensity of his tongue-lashing had me writhing beneath him, desperately trying to absorb the sensations.

Connor lapped at my slit, parting my swollen lips with his tongue to find my sweet, slick center. The tip of his tongue trailed over my sex, tracing circles around my hole. Finally, his tongue dipped inside me. Swirling it around, he massaged my walls, collecting my juices, taking much more than a simple taste.

I wanted Connor to devour me. And

**“MY BACK BOWED,
LIFTING THE
ONLY BIT OF MY
BODY NOT
TRAPPED UNDER
CONNOR’S WEIGHT.”**

damn, did the boy oblige. He opened his mouth wide, covering my labia as he plunged his tongue even deeper within.

Connor’s hand crept up my thigh, stroking my skin with thick, callused fingers. As he closed in on my clit, he fanned his fingers, capturing my nub between two digits and giving it a light squeeze.

“Aaah,” I groaned. My thighs and hips started to twitch, making me wiggle under Connor’s weight.

But the more I moved, the tighter Connor’s grip on me became. He even pulled away from my clit, apparently deciding he needed both hands to keep me still. His fingers curled around the juncture of each thigh, keeping my legs down and my slit open wide.

The harder Connor pushed me down into the cushions, the wetter I became. Every roll and twitch of my walls seemed to extract more nectar, soaking me thoroughly in preparation for when Connor was ready to fuck me with more than his tongue.

An electric pulse radiated from my core, shooting across my skin so it felt that everything sizzled. My back bowed, lifting the only bit of my body not trapped under Connor’s weight. A scream tore through me, lifting my body until I was nearly sitting upright.

Still, Connor kept licking me, pushing me to previously unseen heights as I fell



into a dizzying orgasm.

Only when my legs stopped trembling did Connor remove his mouth from my sex.

I opened my eyes to find Connor looking up at me, still firmly nestled in the space between my thighs.

“I want to taste all of you,” he growled.

Before I could react, Connor gripped my hips and flipped me over in one smooth motion. Once I was on my belly, he lifted me, helping me get on all fours.

Connor palmed my ass, stroking his thumbs over the sensitive skin along the edge of my crack. Then he used those big, capable hands to part my cheeks, exposing my asshole.

I sucked in a breath, trying so hard to stay still despite the way his callused hands tickled my skin.

Fortunately, Connor’s hands were large enough to hold my hips steady while pulling my cheeks apart. I was completely exposed now, wanton and waiting for Connor to make the next move.

Warm breath fanned over my ass, heating my skin. I could feel the puffs of air getting closer, warning me that Connor’s mouth was about to descend on a very sensitive part of my body.

The tip of Connor’s tongue touched me first. He circled my puckered hole, exciting all of the nerves that hid

beneath my skin.

Once he’d gotten me good and wet, Connor pulled away. Ignoring my cries of protest, he blew over the damp skin, cooling a spot that had burned so hot just seconds before.

I groaned, arching my back in a long, languid stretch.

My asshole didn’t stay cold for long. Connor quickly abandoned his delicate tongue bath in favor of a much more assertive approach. He sealed his lips around me, using them to massage the sensitive flesh while his tongue played around the hole, stretching it wider until I could feel him inside me.

But damn, could this boy fuck with his tongue. Somewhere in the foggy, pleasure-drunk depths of my mind, I wondered what he could do with his cock if I was this overcome from just his mouth.

Thankfully, I didn’t have to wait long to find out. After reducing me to a puddle using his lips, teeth, and tongue, Connor sat back on the couch. Though I could hear him fumbling around, I remained in my position, not wanting the encounter to end.

When Connor returned, I could feel the wiry hair on his legs brush against the back of my thighs. He placed his hands on either side of my hips, holding me steady for entry. The

LETTERS

➤ KINKY COUGARS

tip of his condom-clad cock pressed against my vagina, testing the waters before ultimately sliding inside with one powerful thrust.

The scream that ripped through my body stung my throat, but I didn't give a fuck. All I cared about in that moment was feeling Connor move inside me, slamming against my G-spot like a man possessed.

My walls tightened around him, causing Connor's fingers to twitch at my hips, tightening their grip. I could feel his nails digging into my skin, scraping along the surface as he struggled to maintain his hold.

Happy to assist in getting us both off, I rocked my hips back, matching Connor's rhythm thrust for thrust.

He really liked that. "Yes," he groaned, picking up speed again.

Now I didn't have to rock on my knees. Connor was fucking me at such a feverish pace he would send me flying forward, only for me to fall right back.

By now I was so wet I could hear the sounds of suction squeaking between us. Arousal seeped from my core,

spilling out every time Connor withdrew.

He reared into me again, making every muscle in my body grow impossibly tight. I tossed my head back and opened my mouth to scream, but nothing came out. It was like every bit of breath had been sucked from my lungs, rendering me speechless.

But Connor wasn't robbed of air. He grunted and panted behind me, vocalizing his pleasure as he pounded away at my pussy. His energy was electric, making my body buzz beneath his touch.

Then Connor slipped one hand from my hip to my clit. He pressed his fingers against the sensitive bud, massaging me in a circular motion that had my eyes rolling into the back of my head.

And just like that, I reached my peak. My pussy clamped around Connor's cock, gripping him so tightly he stopped moving his hips.

Still, the rippled effect of my muscles rolling over his shaft must have been enough. Within seconds Connor was following me over the edge, filling the den with his loud, animalistic sounds of

pleasure.

After the last of Connor's hot come poured into the condom, he laid down on top of me, pressing his chest into my back. We stayed like that for a few minutes, with Connor still pulsing inside me.

Then, like magic, I could feel Connor's cock begin to thicken inside me anew, kicking off our second round of hot, sweaty, oh-so-satisfying sex.

—S.C., via email

🕯 SMELL OF DESIRE

I rarely admit this in person, but once upon a time I was as far away from the definition of "suave" or "ladies' man" as could be. I wasn't a weirdo "incel" or anything—I played varsity baseball in college and even pledged a frat. But compared to the other guys around me at the time that had no problems asking girls out, I would choke and freeze up around beautiful women. It's a wonder I even lost my virginity during freshman year. You know that joke about how you know an engineer likes you (i.e., when he looks at your feet instead of his)? Yeah, I basically lived that cliché.

That being said, having my nose stuck in books did pay off; by the end of my junior year, I was making bank on my internship, and at least three companies were calling me in for final-round interviews. Overall prospects could not have looked better. Wanting to make the best possible impression, I splurged on a new suit and some dress shirts at a high-end department store downtown.

As I made my way out of the menswear section, I had to pass through the fragrance and cosmetic departments. I took a deep breath and braced myself for the dreaded olfactory onslaught. I managed to steer carefully around the ladies' section and avoid those over-zealous salespeople who



wield perfume samples like weapons. I thought I was home free, but due to renovations, the store had staggered the men's cologne right by the exit. Well-played, I thought.

I took another deep breath and headed right for the door, but then this woman brazenly stepped in front of me and smiled. She also made eye contact, so it was impossible not to stop...and for that matter, impossible not to stare.

The woman before me was definitely "older," but let me be clear: In no way was she "old looking." She stood before me in a black sheath dress that showed off an incredible figure with great legs that were set off by a pair of suede pumps. She had dark brown hair pulled into a French twist and wore lots of gold jewelry.

"Hi there," she said, pointing to the gold name tag above her right breast: "I'm Trisha. I don't mean to stalk you, but I noticed you back in menswear."

"Really?" I felt myself blushing.

Trisha laughed, her blue eyes sparkling. "Big interview coming up?"

Still lacking in confidence, I nodded.

"I figured." She touched my arm and smiled again. "Now tell me something, do you wear cologne?"

I felt goose bumps when Trisha touched me. "No—and uh, actually, for the record I get a headache walking through this part of the store."

Trisha looked at me sympathetically and nodded. "Oh, I know. It can get intense. But humor me for a moment." She picked up a brown bottle and turned away to spray some on a piece of paper for me. "Here."

I sniffed. "That's not bad."

"See, it's light, it doesn't scream 'I'm wearing cologne'—it's clean. And then there's this one." Trisha sprayed from a green bottle and handed me another sample paper. "More musky, but still."

"Huh. I actually like this one."

Trisha giggled. "Well that's a start! Now, forgive me—what was your name?"



"I EXHALED AND OPENED MY EYES TO SEE THAT CAMILLE WAS NOW HELPING TRISHA UNZIP HER DRESS."

"Sorry—uh, I'm Kenneth." I held out my hand, unprepared for the "zing!" feeling in my pants when she touched me again and I caught a glimpse of cleavage.

"It's nice to meet you, Kenneth."

Trisha smiled again. "So tell me: Do you sweat when you're nervous," she leaned in closer, "or maybe in high-pressure situations—like job interviews?"

All I could do was nod yes. Clearly this cougar had to know she mesmerized me.

"Well, this one sort of like 'transmutes' all that funky body chemistry, so even if you're soaking the inside of your suit at that interview, no one's gonna smell it."

My ears were ringing. "Sounds good."

"You want to try some on?"

I nodded again; anything to have her close to me.

Trisha tried to spray some of the cologne on me, but nothing came out. "Oh, dear," she said. "I guess that's the end of my sample bottle. It's been popular. Hold on just a moment." She touched my arm again as she turned and picked up the phone on the display

counter. "Camille? Can you grab me another sample size of the—oh, you already know. Yes, it's the green bottle. Thanks, I'll see you in a second." She hung up the phone.

And not a second too soon, this busty redheaded babe who looked close to my age arrived with a fresh bottle of the cologne. She was also dressed in stylish black but had outfitted her curves with a fitted off-shoulder top and a flared skirt.

"Here you are." She handed the bottle to Trisha and then proceeded to look me over. "Another interested customer?"

Trisha laughed. "Kenneth, this is Camille, my assistant."

Camille beamed at me and extended her hand.

"Ah, yes from the phone call. Hi there." I shook her hand, certain that my face was the color of this season's apple-toned blush.

Camille laughed. "Well, don't delay anymore on my account. Try some on and let's see how it does."

"Close your eyes." Trish leaned in and spritzed me with the cologne. Momentarily deprived of my sight, I honed in on the smell—and touch. I opened my eyes to find Camille sniffing along my shirt collar. "Oooh, nice," she cooed.

I felt the heat rushing to my face and then lower as Trish touched my shoulder and leaned in. "Wow—yes, that is really something on you."

"Y—yes, this is great." I shifted the shopping bag in front of me to conceal my burgeoning erection. "Uh, thank you, ladies."

Trisha touched my arm again. "You know, this—and that new suit

LETTERS

➤ KINKY COUGARS

or whatever you have in the bag—is definitely going to bolster your confidence. What is in the bag, by the way?” Camille twirled her hair and fixed her eyes on the very bulging spot that I hoped my purchases would conceal.

I stammered, “I just got a new suit and—”

“Wait!” Trisha smiled. “Why don’t you show us—and no, we’re not trying to upsell you accessories or anything, promise!”

“But if you give us a sense of your style, we could provide some additional advice,” Camille added.

“And more compliments, of course!” Trisha patted me on the shoulder in an almost maternal way, although nothing about her felt motherly: “I remember what it was like being your age.”

“OK, uh, that would be good, I’m sure.” I took a deep breath.

“There’s a fitting area just over there that no one is using due to renovations.” Trisha motioned for me to follow her.

Being a naïve dork, some part of me actually thought I’d be trying on my suit and receiving honest female feedback. But instead, once we found ourselves

with some privacy, Trisha wasted no time.

“Camille, you know what to do.” Trisha smiled at her younger assistant.

“Of course I do.” Camille licked her lips and set aside my shopping bag. Then she stroked my bulge through my jeans. “Ooh, he has a big one.”

Trisha looked on with approval as Camille slipped off her sweater, presenting me with her amazing rack.

“Wow. C—can I touch them?”

Camille giggled and put my hands on her tits. “You’d better.” She leaned in and

kissed me.

I couldn’t believe this was happening—the warmth of Camille’s soft globes flooded my senses until I felt Trisha’s hands unzip my pants.

“Stay on task, Camille,” Trisha playfully chided. “He certainly does have a big one.”

“Let me try first?” With Trisha looking on, Camille got down on her knees and began to suck my cock. The inside of her mouth was like warm, wet velvet—it felt so good that I silently prayed I would be able to last.

“That’s right, keep going.” Trisha encouraged Camille as she took me deeper and deeper into her throat.

I groaned. “Oh, my God.” I could feel the tension mounting.

“Very good—now let him go and help me.” Trisha patted Camille on the head.

I exhaled and opened my eyes to see that Camille was now helping Trisha unzip her dress so that she stood before us in only a lacy bra and thong. They looked at me again and kissed each other.

“Isn’t she something?” Trisha asked me as she slipped down Camille’s skirt and panties and began to stroke and caress the redhead’s shaved pussy.

Fully nude before me, Camille moaned and played with her nipples as Trisha expertly worked her clit.

I was at a loss for words but must’ve nodded. And that’s when Trisha freed up one of her hands to stroke my cock. “I’m so turned-on by both of you.”

I reached out and pulled Trisha close, kissing her and unhooking her bra.

“Mmm, that’s right—take what you want. Confidence is so sexy,” Trisha whispered in my ear.

“I wanna fuck both of your mouths and pussies,” I blurted out.

Camille giggled. “I think we can handle that...”

The girls got down on their knees and took turns taking me in their mouths. When I couldn’t take it anymore, Trisha

**“THE GIRLS GOT
DOWN ON THEIR
KNEES AND
TOOK TURNS
TAKING ME IN
THEIR MOUTHS.”**



instructed Camille to mount me, which she did with gusto.

While we fucked, I sucked and tugged on Camille's nipples—and in the large dressing-room mirror, I caught glimpses of Trisha tonguing her protégé's sweet pussy from behind.

Soon it was Trisha's turn to mount me, and since she wanted to go doggy-style I had the most incredible view of my cock splitting her tight pussy in half, as well as the view of her eating Camille some more.

It was only a matter of time before I felt ready to burst. "Oh, God—oh, fuck yes!" I held my breath, determined to make every last second count.

Trisha immediately dismounted me. "Hold on now." She repositioned herself so she could jerk me off and share my hot load with Camille.

My orgasm shot through every muscle in my body as I covered both of their faces in milky strands of come. As I lay there watching Trisha and Camille take turns sharing and savoring my load, it dawned on me that I *literally* had blown my whole wad shopping—and I still wanted more! I ended up going home with the cologne, plus a belt and cufflinks to go with my new suit. Luckily, the new sense of sexual self-confidence that also came with my purchases has never gone out of style.

—M.B., via email

MARATHON SEX

Being a "woman of a certain age" was nothing like I'd imagined it would be when I was younger. As a girl, I'd thought people in their twenties were *adult*. As a twenty-something, people in their thirties seemed *mature*. And in my thirties, I figured forty-somethings were downright *old*.

Now I was here, and I found myself

still vital, still active, still very much in need of hot cock and hard, masculine bodies.

I hadn't let myself go physically. I ate right and remained very in tune with my own body, which was still taut in all the right places. My tits were tight and high, my ass firm and ripe. But my face had more character in it than it used to. If you live your life, it's bound to show. I'd been living, enjoying a fairly endless stream of sex partners.

But nobody ever mistook me for a younger woman, despite my youthful physique. And lately male responses to me—especially from younger men—had become a bit more reserved.

I could feel something like a midlife crisis coming on. (Men don't own those.) I thought back on my life, my lovers, and tried to pinpoint the moment when everything was at its absolute peak for me.

Then I remembered the marathon.

I'd run the city marathon half a lifetime ago. I'd been a brash young woman, brimming with the juices of life. No straight man could walk past me without drooling over my succulent body. I was hot as hell and knew it.

Mind you, I still felt hot, but back then just about every male on the planet

agreed. There had been one young man named Jerry who'd thoroughly rocked my world right about that time.

He'd been a lush, dark-haired buck, and we had run the marathon together. I vividly remembered his sleekly muscled form, his handsome face. In bed, he fucked like a demon.

The annual city marathon was coming up in a couple weeks. Thousands competed every year. I decided then and there that I would run it again.

Though I was in fine shape, you need to prepare for something this arduous. The race took place on city streets. They stopped traffic, and spectators lined the route. I remembered feeling vaguely like a celebrity or an Olympian when I'd run it previously.

The best place around for paved running trails was on the edge of the city. I drove out there in workout shorts and a sports bra. The lot was full. Others must have been readying themselves for the long run as well.

I stretched, then got out on the path. I regularly ran on a treadmill at the gym, but being outdoors is different. You feel the wind, you see the passing scenery, you can really push yourself.

I fell quickly into a good steady rhythm. Every step loosened my muscles



LETTERS

➤ KINKY COUGARS

a little more. My arms swung, my legs pumped. I was cutting past the slower joggers. Some of them were in no shape for this, but I credited them for trying. There was a nice sense of solidarity among all the runners. In a marathon, you don't really compete with anybody but yourself.

In my case, I meant to compete with my younger self.

I got out ahead of most of the others. A few runners were still ahead. These were the serious ones, with toned bodies, with trim musculatures designed for speed and endurance. Sweat flowed off me, but I felt great. My brain and body hummed with the good natural chemicals that came from healthy exertion.

Just ahead I caught sight of a man running in only a pair of spandex shorts. He had a sweatband around his dark hair. His sneakered feet flashed beneath him. I admired the pull and flex of his body's muscles, the grace with which he moved.

Then I was doing more than *admiring* him. I was ogling his scrumptious ass as it was glaringly outlined by his shorts. I wondered what his sweat would taste like if I licked it off his back.

Suddenly I had to see his face. I put on more speed. New energy surged in me. My pussy went damp, and my skin tingled with desire. We were relatively isolated on this stretch of the long trail.

He was fast and dogged, never breaking stride. But I was determined, and at last I came up alongside him. He turned to look at me, and all at once I was stumbling. My feet hit the ground wrong and I was about to fall headlong. But he moved fast and caught my elbows, keeping me from wiping out. We came to a halt together.

"You all right?" he asked.

My heart was pounding, not just from the exertion. This guy, whoever he was, looked so much like my old lover Jerry it was unreal.

I got my breath, thanked him, and told him I was okay. I realized then that his



**"I TOOK HIM ALL
THE WAY, WITH
EVERY LUNGE
DEEP-THROATING
HIM LIKE
I MEANT IT."**

eyes were traveling up and down me. He was half my age, the same age Jerry had been back then. I returned him his leering look, and he grinned.

"You want to come back to my place for a shower?" he said boldly.

It was a good pickup line for a running track. "Yeah," I grinned.

He lived nearby. I followed him into his apartment, unafraid, intensely aroused, feeling a kind of welling youthful vitality. He turned and suddenly we were in each other's arms, mouths mashing together, tongues going wild. His body was slick and hard. His crotch bulged. I jammed myself against his blatant

hard-on, my pussy rippling with joy.

"You want that shower?" he asked when we broke the kiss, both of us panting.

"Fuck that," I said. "I like you sweaty."

We hit the bedroom. Our damp clothes were flung away, and I beheld his sculpted naked body, his blazingly erect cock. His eyes drank in my bare flesh, lingering on my tits, my shaved pussy. It was how Jerry used to ogle me.

Right then Jerry meant nothing, just a distant memory. *This* man mattered. This young man who obviously had no qualms about my age.

We tumbled together onto his bed. We tangled atop the sheets. His glistening form writhed against my equally sweat-slick one. Our mouths were hungry. When they'd had enough of each other, he dropped his onto my breast. He sucked hard. His teeth nibbled my stiff nipple.

I licked his throat, getting his deep masculine taste. I took his cock in my hand and pumped him. He groaned. I started kissing my way down his torso. He shifted onto his back, and I moved between his legs. His knees closed around my shoulders as my mouth dropped onto his cock.

His cockhead was thick as a plum. I swirled him with my tongue, picking up a dribble of pre-come. Then I began to work my way down his vein-lined inches. I could feel him throb in my mouth as the seal of my lips moved down to his shaven balls. I caressed those fleshy pouches with my hand.

He moaned louder as I let my mouth rise and fall. He tasted delicious. My tongue wriggled up and down his shaft. I flattened my cheeks around him, giving him some good suction. I took him all the way, with every lunge deep-throating him like I meant it.

But he had more control than some guys his age might. He gently pulled me off him. I let him go reluctantly, then turned enthusiastic when I saw what he had in mind. It was my turn to lie back, to spread my legs, to await the eager attention of his mouth.

He didn't disappoint. I felt his hot breath on my wet lips. Then his tongue was parting my folds. Pleasure streamed through me. I was still feeling the rush of the run from earlier, but that vigor had translated itself into pure sexual energy.

I lifted my head to watch him as he speared his tongue deep into me. My body jounced on the bed. He had good technique. He smeared his lips all over me, then delved with his tongue, teasing gently with his teeth. When enamel grazed my swollen clit, I cried out.

He zeroed in with his tongue after that, coaxing and stimulating my avid love bud. My hips bucked. My ass lifted off the mattress. I reached down for a handful of his dark hair and humped hard against his mouth until I quaked with a savage climax.

His dripping face rose from between my thighs. I no longer thought how much he looked like Jerry. I was very much in this moment, not dwelling on the past.

When he moved up onto me, I took him in my arms. I licked his slick chin, tasting myself. I wrapped my legs around my waist. His cock entered my

drenched pussy. I thrust against him, taking him deep. I gripped him hard, even as his girth reamed me.

I put my hands to his shoulder, then slid them onto the nape of his neck. Slowly he began to stroke into me. His movements were fluid and graceful, like when I'd seen him on the track. He was plainly a physical creature, built to express himself through this gorgeous body.

I had never stopped being a physical animal, either. I took joy in my body, in the bodies of the men I'd been with. Age was never going to take that away from me completely. Lying there underneath this man, feeling him penetrate me again and again, I could celebrate myself and my enduring physicality by giving some of that pleasure back to him.

His beautiful face twisted above me. His control remained, though. Maybe he wanted to impress me. Maybe, I realized, he was just a little intimidated by being with an older, knowing woman.

That thought and his stroking cock

were enough to push me into a second wicked orgasm. I thrashed beneath him, and he speared me to my depths while the sweet ecstatic spasms worked through me.

Afterward, I got him over on his back and got on top of him. I took his cock up into me. I planted my palms on his rock-hard pecs and rode him mercilessly. He was almost helpless, pinned beneath me.

I watched him as the bliss overtook him. It was like a tide coming in, taking up his whole body. I slammed down on him, and abruptly his come was jetting. I answered with another orgasm of my own.

We ran the marathon together. But I'd already won.

—Reba Jenkins., via email

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➤ SLOPPY SECONDS

❶ SECOND HELPING

There was a woman on campus I was totally hot for named Marcie. She was absolutely smoking, with a taut body, ample tits, and an ass that looked like it had been sculpted by a master.

She seemed out of my league, but I wasn't a complete loser. I was a vital young male, enjoying the freedoms that came with college. I was getting my share of pussy. But Marcie stayed fixed in my brain, following me wherever I went, even when I was fucking some other girl.

Finally I figured I would have to do *something* about my fixation, even if it was to approach Marcie and get shot down once and for all.

But fate took a turn, and I discovered that Marcie was now dating my dorm mate Luke. I'd never confided in him about my feelings for Marcie, so I didn't have any right to call foul. I knew Marcie had been seeing other guys at the school before Luke. I wasn't jealous, just

disappointed. Even if Marcie and Luke broke up now, it would be awkward for me to approach her. Luke was an okay dude, and I didn't want any tension between me and the person with whom I shared a tiny dorm room.

Besides, I had my studies to occupy me. I had pretty women to keep me company now and then. Marcie remained in my mind, but I told myself to be an adult and just ride it out until the obsession went away.

However, Marcie was now around a lot, sort of a part of my life. She came to the dorm to see Luke or to pick him up to go out somewhere. She was always nice to me, but I had to restrain myself from staring at her too hard, from letting my imagination take over when she was around.

I fantasized about what it would be like to roll around in bed with her. I pictured her naked body, her tits heaving, her pussy streaming as I put my mouth to it. I would eat her until she came, then climb up and drive my cock into her. I imagined her writhing underneath me, her gorgeous face

twisting with pleasure. I would pound her pussy, make her come again, then join her in her climax, jetting my spunk.

But that only happened in my head.

Marcie shared an off-campus apartment with two other students, so she and Luke went there for their sexual shenanigans. One weekend, though, one of Marcie's roommates' parents was visiting, and she'd begged Marcie not to bring any guys around. I figured that meant Luke wouldn't be getting laid that weekend. I'd figured wrong.

He and Marcie had gone out somewhere in the evening. I'd been hitting the books and was beat. I stripped and got in bed. A few images of Marcie flickered in my mind like a reflex, but I was too exhausted to even jerk off over her. I fell asleep.

Whispers and sounds of movement woke me later. At first, I thought I was dreaming. I heard the slurping sounds of kissing, then clothes hitting the floor. A woman moaned and a male voice shushed her.

I opened my eyes without moving. I did it just in time to see Marcie getting into Luke's bed with him. They were both naked! Luke had a blazing hard-on.

I almost jackknifed right out of my bed, but something held me silent and completely still. They obviously thought I was sleeping. They must have wanted to fuck badly enough that they'd risk screwing here.

Inwardly I grinned wickedly. My cock sprang to full life. I'd seen Luke naked plenty of times, and since guys didn't turn me on, I ignored him. But Marcie...

Fuck, she was *hot*.

The blankets were only half over them, and as they writhed around, the covers fell farther off. Marcie's body lived up to every fantasy I'd had about it. She had lovely curves but with a springy musculature. Her breasts were big and firm. And when I saw her naked ass I almost creamed myself in my bed.

As it was, I covertly reached down





and took hold of my aching hard boner. Still pretending to be asleep, I worked my hand on my shaft, sending crackles of pleasure through me.

But the real fun was seeing Marcie. She was as adventurous in the sack as anybody could want. I watched her take Luke's cock in her mouth and suck him down to his balls. When it was his turn to do oral on her, she plainly relished it, grabbing hold of his hair and grinding her cunt hard on his mouth. They managed all this with an admirable minimum of noise. If I were fucking Marcie, I'd be growling and grunting like an animal.

Luke finally got a condom out of his nightstand drawer, rolled it on, and started to plow her pussy. Right then I envied him, but I didn't begrudge him his good luck. At least I had this amazing view. I'd never before gotten to watch two people fuck in a room I was in.

Luke stroked hard into her. Marcie laid back, pumping her hips in time with him. I thought maybe he was going too fast too soon, but it was still a beautiful sight. Marcie pushed her tits toward the ceiling and rolled and squirmed beneath him.

I tried to time my surreptitious jerkoff under the covers so I'd come when Luke did. That way I could pretend it was me fucking her. But Luke suddenly

“SHE REACHED AROUND TO GROPE MY ASS, AND I PRESSED MY HARD COCK AGAINST HER FLAT BELLY.”

convulsed, his body cracking like a bullwhip, and I knew he was filling up that condom with his jizz.

Afterward, he grabbed a robe and went off to take a shower down the hall. I was still gazing at Marcie through half-lidded eyes.

In a clear voice she said, “You want to come over and get some, Steve? The meal was nice, but I could use a second course.”

I froze for a moment, then flung off my blankets and leaped the width of the dorm room. I knew Luke took his time in the shower, but I wanted every possible second with this woman.

Marcie grinned, then I was in her arms. Her bare skin was against mine.

She was fantastically smooth, but I immediately felt her strong wiriness. Our mouths mashed together, and we kissed as fiercely as she and Luke had. I even got a faint tangy taste of my dorm-mate's cock on her tongue, but I didn't let it bother me.

I put my hands on her tits like they were a long-lost treasure I'd been seeking for years. I squeezed those lovely mounds. Her nipples were stiff, and I tweaked the sweet pink buds. She mewled with pleasure. She reached around to grope my ass, and I pressed my hard cock against her flat belly.

I felt her slight sweatiness. In the dimness I saw that her hair was already in post-coital disarray. Luke had *just* fucked this woman. Should I be turned off by that? I wasn't. In fact, there was a weird, taboo-shattering thrill to this. I was getting seconds, true, but there was nothing sloppy about Marcie, and I felt no squirmy shame at what we were doing.

(Mind you, a better friend wouldn't fuck his dorm mate's girlfriend while he was showering, but I couldn't imagine the straight guy who could resist Marcie's invitation.)

I moved down so I could suckle on her tits. She ran her fingers through my hair. I kissed my way farther down her luscious body. She spread her legs and

LETTERS

➤ SLOPPY SECONDS



I slipped in between her silken thighs. Her damp pussy lay before me. Just minutes ago, Luke's cock had been here, but he'd been wearing a condom, so I wasn't about to taste his come.

I put my mouth on her. I'd never licked a pussy that was already this wet. Her juices were immediately smeared all over my lips and chin. Her flavor further excited me. I lapped up and down her slit, then jammed my tongue inside. Her interior was lush and smooth. I stroked her swollen clit with my tongue tip.

Her hips moved. Her fingers were again in my hair, clutching now. Her ass lifted off the bed. She humped my face as I ate her, and she came with a drawn-out moan that climbed through the octaves.

She sat up, pushed me onto my back, and dove for my cock. I got the same treatment Luke had received. The tight ring of her lips fell all the way down my shaft, until her nose was buried in my pubes and her spit was dribbling onto my balls. The pleasure was intense. Her tongue wriggled wildly on my shaft. Her head lifted and dropped, the rhythm steady. Another minute of that and I was going to shoot.

Maybe she sensed that, in the same way she'd perceived I was faking sleep when Luke hadn't noticed. She took her mouth off me and reached into the

"SHE RUBBED HER PUSSY AGAINST MY CROTCH AND WENT ON, SLIDING HER FINGERS ALONG MY COLLAR."

drawer. She put the condom on me while I was still lying back.

She climbed on top of me, and I gazed up at her beautiful looming form. She put my cock to her pussy and lowered herself onto me. I watched myself disappear up into her. I was in a delirium of lust and fulfillment. This was a dream come true for me.

As Marcie rode me, I matched her movements. Her pussy gripped me. I wondered how my cock compared to Luke's, then realized I didn't care. I was happy to be her second lover of the night. She'd said she needed more. I was thrilled to give it to her.

Suddenly she was quaking. I felt her squeezing, and I waited until her flood of orgasmic joy had finished. Then I rolled

her onto her back and mounted her. Time was running out. Luke would be back soon.

Marcie lay under me. I put my cock into her and stroked hard. Even with the clock running, I built slowly. Our bodies slapped together. I fucked her faster. She thrashed beneath me. Her legs wrapped my waist. I plowed her deeply, going into a frenzy.

I came hard, and she came again with me. It was fantastic. A bliss I'd never before experienced.

I was back in bed "asleep" when Luke returned. I'd pulled the cover up so he wouldn't see me grinning.

—S.B., via email

🕯 DIRTY DETAILS

Samantha walked in and I looked at her standing there in her big black coat, long black dress, and tall black boots with her blonde hair all tousled and her cheeks flushed.

"Someone got good and thoroughly fucked," I said to my wife.

She nodded, coming toward me, shucking her coat and letting it drop to the floor.

She grabbed me by the belt buckle and tugged me toward her. She kissed me roughly, pushing her tongue into my mouth. I tasted beer on her lips. She doesn't drink beer.

My cock grew harder.

"Yes. I was. Fucked hard, fucked long. Fucked well, and fucked twice." She pushed her lips to my ear and whispered, "He came in me, baby. Twice."

I groaned.

"I'm full of his come," she said.

It took everything in me not to push her onto the sofa and fuck her. Instead, I waited.

"Tell me," I said.

She shoved me back and I sat in the

easy chair by the fireplace. The fire had died, but the embers were still going.

She straddled my lap and rubbed against me. I was so hard I thought I might come in my pants like a teenager.

"First he ate my pussy. He ate it so good, baby. He took his time, he licked me just right. He made me come so hard I broke a fingernail." She lifted her index finger and showed me the evidence.

"Then he fucked me," Sam went on. "He took me face to face. Missionary. Often boring, but not if the guy knows what he's doing. He did. He fucked me hard and just right and my poor clit took a beating, but it was well worth it because I came like nobody's business."

She rubbed her pussy against my crotch and went on, sliding her fingers along my collar.

"We had some wine and talked about you and how you like to share me. And how you like to hear about it. And how you like sloppy seconds and to take back your woman."

I nodded. "Go on."

"That turned him on, baby. Knowing that you'd be fucking me after him. That you'd be using his come as your lube. That you didn't care that I was shared with him as long as you got me back." She moved off my lap and unzipped me. She took my cock in her soft, wet mouth all too briefly, then went back to telling me her tale. "So he fucked me from behind, then he took me like an animal. He fucked me quickly. It was intense. He held my hair in his hand and yanked it—" I groaned and Sam grinned. She lowered her head and sucked my dick again.

I clenched my hands into fists and thrust up from beneath her.

She put her slim hands on my hipbones and pushed me down. She trailed her tongue along my cock and made me squirm.

"He stuck his fingers in my ass. I could feel him in my pussy and my back hole," she said.

I groaned.

"He rubbed his cock with his fingers

through that little bit of skin. I could feel him filling me up both places. I could feel it all. He came so hard, baby. He came like a beast."

She worked my pants off and dropped them on the floor. Then she stood and slowly pulled her dress up. Beneath she wore thigh-high stockings and nothing else. Her pussy was shaved and when she turned, she spread her legs and bent forward slightly at the waist. I could see the white come inside her pussy, thick and creamy. Another groan ripped out of me.

"I'm full of it, baby," she said. "Go ahead, stick your finger in there."

I pushed a single finger into her cunt and felt the warm slickness around my finger.

"He was big, baby. So big. Maybe next time you can watch us. Maybe next time you can jerk off while he fucks me. Or better yet, fuck my mouth while he fucks my pussy."

My dick ached to be inside her.

"Take your dress off," I said.

She pulled it off and tossed it on top of my pants.

I took my T-shirt off and dropped that,

too. She started to unzip her boots and I said, "Leave them on."

She did.

"Where do you want me?"

"On your knees first," I said.

She got down and crawled to me. I wanted to watch her suck me off again before I fucked her. I wanted this to last.

I'd seen the guy she'd fucked. A big burly guy with a shaved head and biceps on his biceps. I pictured him holding her thighs open and fucking her. Pictured him fucking her from behind, pulling her hair and coming deep inside her.

Her mouth slipped willingly up and down my shaft. She sucked the tip and I sighed. She worked me with her cool hand and her hot tongue.

When I felt a bit too close, I pushed back from her and looked down at her. There on the floor on her knees, her boots dark against the pale carpet, her light hair was hanging seductively in her face.

I pointed to the bedroom. "Go on. I'll be right behind you."

She smiled and stood slowly, then sauntered down the hallway toward our room. I watched her perfect ass and tried to picture him squeezing it, biting



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➤ SLOPPY SECONDS

her on the cheek, pushing his thick fingers into her asshole.

I caught my breath and followed.

She was on the bed, lying there, twirling a lock of hair around her finger. Her breasts were pert, her face flushed, her thighs spread.

I could see a peek of his jizz there inside her and it made me crazy with want.

I went to her, kissed her, kissed down her neck, and nuzzled her breasts. I played my tongue over her hard nipples, pausing to suck and lick them. When she started to squirm, I bit them. She knows what drives me crazy, but I know the same about her. I dropped soft kisses along her sides and watched her writhe from the sensation of my lips.

I pushed a finger into her again, finding her G-spot easily and pressing it.

The breath rushed out of her and I smiled. "Oh, did you want me to fuck you, baby?"

"Please. God, stop teasing me," she said. "Put your cock in me."

"Do you want me to take you back? Show you that you're mine?"

She nodded, pressing her hips up to get me to move my fingers. I withdrew it and made her whimper.

"Who do you belong to, Samantha?"

"You, baby. Always you."

"Show me."

She got on her hands and knees, head down, ass up. Her legs were parted wide. I could see her asshole, her cunt, hints of another man having been inside her. I grabbed her hips and lowered my mouth. I bit her on the right ass cheek.

Sam cried out, her head shot up, and she bucked beneath me. I chuckled and moved to the left cheek, giving it the same treatment.

While she was whimpering, I pressed on her lower back so she bent even lower and her ass stayed high. I held her hips and slid into her with ease. When I withdrew, the thick cream of another man showed itself.

I shivered, so turned-on that I feared I'd come. I had to take a deep breath and gather myself before plunging back inside her.

I gripped her tightly, digging my fingers into the flare of her hips, wishing to leave my fingerprints on her. I watched every withdrawal, seeing my cock slide deep into her aided by his ejaculate. I moaned without realizing I'd done it until she shivered under me.

"Are you turned-on?" she said over her shoulder.

On the withdrawal, I paused, sliding my fingers along the top of my shaft where I was unbelievably slick from being inside her.

"More than I can describe," I said.

With what I'd gathered on my fingers, I pushed into her ass. "You said he was here?" I asked conversationally. I withdrew almost all the way and then plunged my finger deep into her ass again.

"Yes," she said, a little breathless.

"I see," I said.

I slowed my rhythm, fucking her so slowly she bristled beneath me, whimpering. Too slow. Too on edge.

I added a second finger to her ass and pressed so that I could feel my cock deep in her pussy. Samantha gasped, wiggling her hips from side to side, showing me without words that she needed me to move. To give her what she wanted.

I grinned and started to thrust again. Deep thrust, slow withdrawal.

I found my timing and we moved together, Samantha driving back to get me deep as I pushed into her.

"Yeah, like that," she said, looking at me over her shoulder, her ass high, head low, taking my cock like a good girl.

"I want you to come, Sammie. Play with your pretty pussy. Come for me."

It didn't take her long. She was a machine when it came to orgasms. One could often tip off another. I loved to watch it happen.

She stroked herself as I fucked her and then she was shuddering. Crying out. Saying my name as her sweet, tight pussy milked my cock, almost driving me to lose control of myself.





But I didn't.

"I need to really make sure I take that ass back."

She sucked in a breath and I smiled.

"What do you think, lover?" I asked, pushing my fingers deeper in her ass.

She let out a little mewl but nodded.

"Yes, I think so." I pulled out of her pussy, my cock slick from both her and him. I pushed my cockhead against her ass and sank into her slowly, so slowly it almost drove me mad. But it allowed her body time to adjust and open for me.

When she was good, she pushed back against me to take me with a muttered, "Oh, yeah."

That did me in. I gripped her hips again, a tight, possessive hold, and fucked her ass wantonly. Just a few sweet strokes and I was coming, holding her body tightly against mine as I emptied my load into her ass.

She was saying nonsense words as I came, but I caught one brief bit: "I love date night."

"Me, too, baby. Me, too."

—L.K., via email

TRICIA

When I came home for winter break my senior year of college, my dad introduced me to his latest girlfriend, Tricia. I'd heard about her from infrequent emails, and I knew she was only a decade older than me and big into physical fitness, but I'd assumed she would be plain. A little frumpy. The kind

"HER BARE FOOT CARESSED MY SHIN UNDER THE TABLE AND MY DICK HARDENED. WAS THIS REALLY HAPPENING?"

of woman who was willing to take on a twice-divorced man who was twenty years older than her and had a beer gut.

But when I walked in the door, my jaw dropped.

Tricia. Where to even begin? With her long blonde hair, maybe. Or her perfectly tanned skin. Or her outrageously good body, perfectly showcased by a tiny crop top and tight yoga pants. Her hair was up in a messy ponytail, and her skin glowed with the sheen of recent exercise.

Her eyes widened when she saw me. "This is your son?" she asked my dad.

My dad was looking way more fit since the last time I'd seen him—apparently Tricia's influence was strong. "Yeah," he said, grinning as he clapped me on the shoulder. "This is Gary."

Tricia shook my hand, and a jolt of electricity seemed to shoot right through me. She blinked rapidly a few times like she had felt it, too. "Wow," she said, her cheeks flushing. "I see the resemblance."

I hid a grin. Sure, dad and I were a similar height, but that was about it.

I mostly took after my mom. But she was clearly struggling to cover up that breathy "wow" and the way her eyes had skated over me from head to toe, so I let it slide.

She told me she'd just finished her second jog of the day, and as she teased my dad for only running once that morning, I wondered where on Earth she had come from. I tried to remember the details from my dad's generally brusque emails and drew a blank. "Where did you two meet?" I finally asked.

She blushed harder, and my dad laughed. "Don't be embarrassed," he teased her. "Gary here is a man of the world. Aren't you, son?"

Ever since I'd joined a frat, my dad had been trying on this thing where he treated me like "a man of the world." It had resulted in a few cringeworthy moments and some stories that made me want to plug my ears and sing "la la la," but this time I was curious enough to ignore any potential future mortification. I raised my brows in interest. "I sure am."

"We met through some mutual friends," Tricia said.

By the way she was fidgeting, that wasn't the whole story. "What kind of friends?"

My dad piped up, looking proud as hell. "Bedroom friends."

I winced. "Dad, really?"

"Just because you can't get laid doesn't mean the rest of us don't do it on a regular basis."

"Thomas," Tricia chastised. "He doesn't need the details."

I really, really didn't, but now I couldn't stop thinking about them. My dad was a swinger or something? Some kind of group-sex enthusiast? My brain shied away from that, so I redirected my interest somewhere better.

Tricia was a sex enthusiast?

Now, that I could believe. Anyone who worked out that much was trying to suppress some kind of unholy urge, and

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↘ SLOPPY SECONDS



she kept sneaking quick glances at me as we made pre-dinner cocktails—quick glances at my package, specifically. I was wearing snug, worn jeans, and by the way Tricia kept biting her lip, she liked what she saw.

We ate a simple dinner. My dad monologued from the head of the table while Tricia and I sat opposite each other, trying to hide our blatant interest—at least I was trying to hide mine. By the way she leisurely licked her spoon while making eye contact with me, she didn't have much interest in concealing what she was thinking about.

Her bare foot caressed my shin under the table and my dick hardened. Was this really happening?

"Anyway, it's an open relationship," my dad said.

I snapped back to attention. "What?"

He tipped his cocktail back and swallowed. "You don't have to act so shocked. Lots of people have open relationships."

Tricia slid me a grin. "I don't think he's shocked in general. It's just a weird thing to hear about your dad. Right, Gary?"

"Right," I choked as her foot slid past my knee and up my inner thigh.

"Anyway, I feel twenty years younger with Tricia," my dad said, oblivious to the interplay between his girlfriend and me.

**"I SLID HOME
ON A SLICK,
DEEP STROKE,
AND SHE
MOANED AND
BIT MY NECK."**

"I'm in better shape and happier than ever."

"I'll bet," I said. The words were followed by a gasp as Tricia's toes pressed against the erection straining my jeans. She slid them up and down, and this situation was all kinds of fucked-up, but it was the hottest thing ever to happen to me. Sitting here across from the woman my dad was dating and having her rub my aching dick filled my head with forbidden thoughts.

Bending Tricia over a table. Fucking her so good and so hard that whenever she saw me at holidays she'd feel the ache in her pussy all over again. Proving that sometimes younger was better.

It was weird and taboo and all kinds of inappropriate, but I couldn't stop

the fantasies.

After dinner, we poured some wine, but my dad was clearly interested in something else. He grabbed Tricia by the elbow and ushered her away as she giggled. I took the bottle of wine to my bedroom, feeling weirdly jealous and turned-on and out of sorts. Were they having sex? I couldn't even think about my dad having sex with someone, but I was already dangerously infatuated with Tricia and her hot body and roving eyes. What was I supposed to do?

I lay on the bed in my childhood bedroom and stared at the ceiling. A horrible squeaking noise was coming from upstairs. That answered my question. I chugged straight from the bottle, trying to ignore the fantasies that still filled my head.

Twenty minutes later, someone knocked on my door. When I opened it, I was shocked to see Tricia standing there. She was wearing an oversized T-shirt—my *dad's* T-shirt—and nothing else. Her legs were smooth and tan, and her bare toes were decorated with little silver rings.

Before I could speak, she pushed in and shut the door behind her. We were alone in the dark in my childhood room, and I had the world's hardest and least appropriate erection. With a grin, she gripped the hem of her T-shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing a toned body, phenomenal tits, and a bare pussy.

"What are you doing?" I managed to ask despite the distraction of my raging hard-on.

"You want me, right?" she asked, massaging those gorgeous breasts.

"You're with my dad."

"So? We're allowed to fuck whoever we want, no questions asked. And right now, I want to fuck you. I haven't been able to stop thinking about you since you showed up."

Had she fucked my dad while thinking about me? I gave in with a groan, yanking her close and kissing her hard.



Her mouth opened eagerly, and she clutched my ass and pulled me against her as her tongue slid against mine. She was totally naked, her pussy rubbing over my erection, and I pushed back to take my clothes off as fast as possible. She helped me, pulling the shirt over my head before sinking to her knees and stripping my jeans off. When I stood naked in front of her, she leaned forward and opened her lips around my dick.

Her mouth was hot and wet, and she took it like a champ, alternating between nearly swallowing me whole and licking the tip while pumping with her hands. I gripped her hair and thrust between her lips, and her moan vibrated through me. She snuck a hand down between her legs and started rubbing.

I gasped and pulled away, not wanting to come too soon. She grinned up at me, nuzzling my dick against one cheek. "Too much?" she asked.

"Not enough," I replied, pulling her to her feet. "What do you want?"

"I want you to fuck me."

Our interests were perfectly aligned. I reached for her, then paused. "Wait. Condom."

I raided my desk for the condom I'd optimistically kept there as a high schooler, then rolled it over my dick. When I turned around, she was rubbing her clit and moaning.

I picked her up and backed her against the wall, and her hands tangled with mine to put me inside her. I slid home on a slick, deep stroke, and she moaned and bit my neck.

"You like this?" I asked, gripping her ass tightly. "You like fucking your boyfriend's son?" I was so turned-on that the words poured out with no shame. I was balls-deep in my father's girlfriend, and I didn't care.

"I love it," she moaned, thrashing her head against the wall.

"Weren't you just fucking him?" I punctuated the question with a hard thrust.

"Yes," she gasped, squeezing me between her strong thighs. "But it wasn't enough. So now I'm fucking you."

For some reason, that made the experience even more erotic. She was still wet from fucking my dad, but now she was wrapped around me and moaning like she'd never had anything so good. I held her tight and fucked her with sure, deep strokes, wanting to imprint her with my body, my muscles, my cock.

She panted against my ear. "So good. It's so good. There, there, there, there, there!" With a cry, she came around me, shuddering and convulsing as her pussy squeezed in waves.

I swore and hitched her higher, then

fucked her as hard as I needed to against the wall. My muscles burned with the best kind of exertion, and as she sank her teeth into my shoulder, I realized I wasn't going to last long.

I came on a shuddering convulsion, stabbing deep into her and freezing as my body shook.

In the aftermath, we rested our foreheads together, and then I lowered her to the floor. She sagged against me, panting as she ran her fingers through my chest hair. "Holy shit," she said.

"You like the way I fuck you?" I asked, feeling a weird, competitive sort of triumph. She was sweating and panting, and I had done that to her.

"I love it," she purred. "Good to know a nice, hard dick runs in the family."

I winced. "Please never say that again."

She laughed and cupped my balls in her palm. "Then I'm glad you have a nice, hard dick. Are you going to be back for spring break?"

—G.B., via email

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“WHAT’S SEXY TO ME?
NYLONS AND NO UNDERWEAR.”
—GINA



















TOP 10

▾ KELLY & JULIAN

TOP 10 SEXIEST MOVIES OF ALL TIME

10. *Hot Summer Nights* (2017)
9. *Before Sunrise* (1995)
8. *Body Heat* (1981)
7. *Unfaithful* (2002)
6. *Cruel Intentions* (1999)
5. *The Secretary* (2002)
4. *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2008)
3. *Bound* (1996)
2. *Blue Is the Warmest Color* (2013)
1. *Fatal Attraction* (1987)



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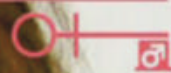
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SPANKING: AFTER HOURS AT THE SEX SHOP!

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JANUARY 2019



UMA JOLIE

GOOD GIRL GONE BAD

FETISHISM LETTERS

THE SMART SLUT
STOCKS & BONDAGE

WIDE WORLD

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HANDS-ON LESSON

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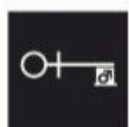
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VARIATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE greatest thing about *Penthouse Variations* is our accepting, all-inclusive love for whatever your kink happens to be. Seriously!

No judgement here in the land of the sexually deviant and totally satisfied.

This month, we see an array of fetishes spanning from a simple pair of sexy reading glasses to stockings to a construction workers hardhat. (Who can resist a man drilling holes in uniform?) In "Primal Punishment" Grace learns that acting like a brat will only get her smacked (but this is just what she wants.) In Wide World, we have three tales of sex in the oddest places, but who doesn't get a thrill from the potential of being caught?

What secret kinks drive you crazy? Send your wildest sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.





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🔑 THE SMART SLUT

I heard Josh open the front door, and my heart thumped crazily in my chest. I put the glasses on my face and took one last look in the mirror. They were outrageous. Huge lenses in enormous round black frames. I'd determined through some trial and error while waiting for him to arrive that my hair up in a messy topknot was the best. It showed off the glasses well and made me look more bookish.

I wore nothing but one of his oversized sweatshirts that hung off my shoulder and maroon-colored knee socks. The apartment was cold as usual.

I heard him put his keys in the bowl and I shivered. It had nothing to do with the winter chill and everything to do with excitement.

I bounded onto the bed, crossed my legs, put a pencil to my lips, and went back to my self-help book of the week as Josh was prone to calling them.

He had a thing for the bookish look, most specifically the glasses. This was

my fourth pair I'd picked up for fun. They were nothing but fashion accessories and, as it turned out, an aphrodisiac for my boyfriend.

I couldn't hear him padding across the carpeting, but I could feel him coming. The hair on my arms stood up and I realized I was holding my breath when I got a bit dizzy. I exhaled and tried to calm myself.

He pushed the bedroom door from half-shut to wide open.

**“HE PUSHED MY
LEGS HIGH AND I
PUT MY HANDS
BENEATH MY
KNEES AND HELD
THEM LIKE THAT.”**

“Hey, baby. Long day. How was yo—” I looked up at him as I gently chewed the end of my pen.

He saw the glasses and his eyebrows shot up. He licked his lips and I imagined them on my pussy. I smiled and licked the tip of the pen.

“Baby?” he said.

“Yes?”

“New glasses?”

I nodded and the sweatshirt gaped at the neck even more. I shifted on the bed and he took note that beneath the sweatshirt and above the socks, there was nothing at all. I was bare.

His eyes studied me. I watched him tick every inch of exposed skin. I smiled and shifted, my pussy wet, my heart pounding. I loved this game. I loved surprising him. I loved the animal he turns into.

“Yes. Do you like them?” I parted my legs a bit more when I asked the question.

He made a noise deep in his throat. The fine hairs along my neck and my arms sprang to life. I squirmed, feeling everything intensely. The pounding of desire in my pussy, the soft cotton socks against my smooth legs, the brush of the sweatshirt along my shoulder, how hard and tight my nipples had grown.

He moved toward me, hand on his belt. He rested it there for a moment and then he started to unbuckle. I moved up on my hands and knees so the sweatshirt gaped away from my body and he could see my bare tits and taut nipples.

He worked his belt with one hand and slid the other down into the neck of the sweatshirt. He squeezed my breast and then pinched my nipple. I hummed softly, then looked into his eyes as I pushed the glasses up against my face like they were slipping down.

Entirely innocent. Entirely nerdy.

He made that noise again and I imagined him flipping me over, fucking me from behind, holding me steady as he pounded into me.

He squeezed the other breast and I



purred for him, moving against his hand.

He undid his button and dragged down his zipper. He pushed his pants and his boxers down and his cock sprang free. Already wonderfully hard, ready, and flushed. I licked my lips and his jaw tensed.

"Do you like them?" I asked. I pushed the tip of my tongue against the tip of his cock and just left it there.

"You fucking know I do," he growled. Then he pushed his hard cock past the barrier of my lips. I parted for him easily, pressing my tongue along his shaft as he slid into my mouth all the way.

He held the back of my head and thrust in and out slowly. I sucked and licked, taking my time.

"That's my girl," he said. "Such a smart, sexy girl."

I sucked harder, drawing on his dick until he gasped. His hands tangled in my hair as he slowly pushed all the way so my lips brushed his pubic hair.

My hand strayed to my sex. I dragged my fingers through my own juices and played with my clit, stroking softly at first, then harder as he used my mouth.

"I don't want to come in your mouth," he said. Then he amended it: "Yet."

He slowed his pace but I didn't slow mine. I worked my pussy with trembling fingers until I was shuddering on the bed, coming, my mouth still stuffed full of his dick.

"Such a kinky, kinky girl," he said. "I wonder what a brainy, kinky girl tastes like."

He stripped as he posed the question and I reached out to stroke his skin as he did. He pushed me back and I reached for my socks. "Leave them," Josh growled.

I left them, letting my legs fall open. He pushed my sweatshirt up and buried his face between my thighs. I was already soaked, so when he ate me, he only added to the slickness between my thighs.

Josh didn't waste time. He shoved



three fingers inside my pussy. I gasped.

"I thought you'd take them just fine," he growled against my inner thigh. "You're fucking drenched."

I nodded and sighed as his fingers worked against my G-spot, brushing and pressing and stroking until I was gritting my teeth with my need to come. I was hovering right there on the edge, so close I could taste it.

He pulled his fingers almost entirely free and I groaned. "Please, don't. Please don't tease me, baby."

He looked up from beneath my thighs and I looked back at him. I removed the glasses and stuck the stem between my parted lips as if thinking of what to say. "I like them in there. I like to be full of you." I sucked the end.

"Put them back on, love," he growled.

I did as I was told, and he went back to working the perfect spot in my pussy until I was wetter than wet. I came, my fingers buried in his dark hair.

He moved up between my thighs, stroking his cock as he did. He slid it along my slick hole, dipping just the tip in for a second. Just enough to make me clutch at him and ask for more. He chuckled, kissing me roughly, and then sank into me deeply. He pushed my legs high and I put my hands beneath my knees and held them like that.

He rocked against me, every move brushing my clit. I moved against him and when he lowered his head to kiss me, I kissed him back and bit his lip.

Josh growled. He pushed his hands beneath my ass and squeezed. When I groaned, the squeeze turned into a pinch. He moved his hips from side to side and I whispered. "Yeah, baby. That's good."

And it was, but Josh wanted more. He also knew what I liked.

He pulled out, slid his cock along my clit a few times, and said, "Get on your hands and knees."

I did as I was told. I rolled to my belly and got on my hands and knees. His fingers danced along the tops of my socks and tingles raced along my skin. His hands glided up the backs of my thighs and cupped my ass. He took his good old sweet time with me, and I knew it was intentional.

His fingertip danced across my asshole and I bucked while he laughed.

"Okay, sexy girl. I'll fuck you now."

He slid into me slowly, his hands possessive as they gripped my hips. He started to fuck me slow and easy. I moved back against him and heard his breath hitch. Now I was the one with a little control.

I drove back and he rocked forward. I squeezed my internal muscles and he growled like an animal. My nape prickled and my nipples spiked.

"Oh, that's good. So good," I sighed.

"Take it," he said. "Take my cock."

"Yes," I gasped. "Yes." I reached beneath and stroked my clit. I didn't want to come just yet, but every thrust of his dick hit the most perfect places inside me. The first spasm of impending orgasm hit me hard.

"I want you to come face-to-face," I said. "To see you better," I added.

It was more like I wanted Josh to see me in the glasses. I wanted him to come and come hard.

He pulled free of me so quickly I cried out.

He kissed me, staring at the glasses. I pushed them up on my nose and smiled

VARIATIONS

➤ FETISHISM LETTERS



at him. "Fuck me, baby."

He slid into me and pounded into me. No preamble. He never took his eyes off my face. I held his biceps and thrust my body up to take him. Every time he drove deep, I squeezed my pussy around him.

Josh panted, trying hard to hold off, but I was determined to tease it out of him. I squeezed my thighs against his flanks so he could feel the softness over the knee socks. I looked at him with my best doe-eyed expression. I licked my lips, bumped my hips up, and squeezed my internal muscles.

"Come for me baby. Come for me."

His pace became frenzied, and when I squeezed my pussy again I came, a short but intense orgasm that made me clutch at him and moan in his ear.

That did it. Josh gave a few more thrusts and then pulled free of me. He straddled my belly and worked his cock, stroking it like a man possessed. I leaned up on my elbows and when he came, it splashed across his sweatshirt and my new glasses.

He hovered over me, panting, watching me intently. Then he said, "Sorry about the sweatshirt, baby."

I grinned up at him. "No worries, honey. It's yours."

"I really like your new glasses," he said, leaning down to kiss me.

"Really? Gee, I couldn't tell."

—G.G., via email

🕯 STOCKS AND BONDAGE

Robert handed me the bag and I looked at his face. Hopeful. Blushing. Nervous. Excited. "What's in the bag?" I asked. But I knew. And already my pussy was responding. I could feel myself growing wet. My heart rate picked up. I licked my lips and waited.

"A gift."

I rustled it. A lovely pink and black bag with some small white accents. "For me or for you?"

"Yes," he said.

I smiled. "For you more than me, right?"

"No. For us. You like it, too, right? It's not just me." He kept eye contact but reached for me and pushed his hand slowly—to give me time to back up—into my pants. He slid his hand beneath my panties and slid a finger between my nether lips.

I chewed my lower lip as a zing of pleasure shot through me. I was soaked to the bone.

Robert chuckled. He slid his finger inside me and flexed it.

I groaned.

"See, I think it is, in fact, a gift for both of us."

I nodded. "When?"

"Now." That finger flexed again and I wished he'd added a second and finger-fucked me until I came. It probably wouldn't take much time at all. But I'd save it for our fun and games.

Robert loved me in stockings. Old-fashioned, high-waisted, beige 70s nylons, lovely black silk ones with seams up the back and a garter belt, fishnets, fence nets, even bright colorful opaque tights. Nothing got his cock harder than me wearing nothing but stockings.

I couldn't wait to see what was in the bag. Given the fact that I was a jeans and T-shirt kind of girl, the stocking fetish was fun and hot as hell.

In the bedroom, I peeled off my jeans and my sweatshirt. Robert watched, leaning against the wall, holding the pink and black bag.

I hastily pulled my hair into a ponytail and waved my hands at my panties and bra. "On or off?"

He looked in the bag and said, "Off."

The first pair he pulled out and unfurled made my nipples grow hard. He'd never brought me anything like this before, and I bounced up and down on my toes. My tits bounced and my man grinned.

"Those are hot! Gimme!"

I pulled them on slowly, letting him watch. The ritual of pulling on a pair of stockings was just as arousing to Robert. As I rolled the black stockings up my legs, I was revealing the white bones painted on them. The stockings were painted to look like a skeleton's pelvis and legs and feet.

I giggled. "These are great."

"Turn," Robert said. His voice had dropped into a near-growl and my pussy flickered at his gruff voice giving me orders.

I turned and peeked over my



shoulders. The paint was on both sides.

He reached out and stroked the bones, tracing the funky pattern with his fingers. He slid his hands along my ass, then along my hips. He wrapped his arms around me from behind and cupped my pussy through the leggings. He slid his thick fingers along my puffy lower lips, found my clit, and rubbed me until I purred like a kitten.

He pressed himself against me and I could feel his rigid cock pushing the cleft of my ass. He ground against me and I took one of his hands and put it on my breast. His fingers instantly went to my nipple and pinched. Pleasure shot from breast to cunt and I groaned. I pushed my ass back against his erection, egging him on. He bit my shoulder and I whispered to him. "Not fucking me in these, are you?"

"Not these. These are the appetizer."

Robert usually brought me three pairs: fun, then girly, then the money pair—the ones that really made his cock ache to fuck me.

I could hardly wait.

He moved to face me, kissed my lips, and then dropped to his knees and put his hot mouth to my pussy. He breathed out against me. His breath's humid warmth invaded my pussy and I shoved my hands into his dark brown hair, pushing my sex against his mouth.

"What's the next pair, lover? I want to see. I can't wait for the fucking. It's

"HIS FINGERS KNEADED MY NIPPLES, WHICH SPIKED IN THE CHILL, MY PUSSY ACHING TO BE FILLED."

killing me. I want your dick in me so bad."

When I spoke to him like that, he nearly lost his mind. By the time he put his cock in me, he'd be more animal than man.

He peeled the skeleton stockings off me slowly, taking his sweet time. He put his mouth to me again, licking me softly, gently, so that I damn near lost my mind. When he stood to gather the second pair from the bag, my clit was pounding like a drum and my head felt buzzy.

The second pair were thigh-highs. They looked like black lace but were actually intricate intersecting geometric figures. The tops were black stretchy lace. They were spectacular and made my legs look amazing.

"Have I mentioned that I love that you run and that you have legs like a goddess?" he asked, dipping two fingers into my pussy.

I stood with my legs in a wide stance

so Robert had access to my pussy. I was so desperate to come it took everything in me not to put my hands on the nightstand, stick my ass out, and present myself.

He could tell because he teased me with his fingers. I was so wet, I could hear every thrust.

He pushed me forward and I put my hands on the mattress, ass back and up, the backs of the lovely thigh-highs displayed before him, me on tiptoe, calf muscles standing out proudly as a testament to my strength as a runner.

"God, you look so good in these, honey," he said. He dragged his hands up the back of my legs. He was always careful to keep his hands as callus-free as possible to preserve our amazing collection of stockings.

His fingers kneaded my nipples, which spiked in the chill, my pussy aching to be filled.

He moved in close behind me and dragged his cock through my wetness. His cockhead nudged my clit and I hummed from the pleasure. He did it again. And then again. It stole my breath how wonderful it felt. My clitoris was so swollen and tender, every sweep of his flesh over mine pushing me closer to orgasm.

Robert pushed the tip inside me, stretching me, giving me just a taste.

"Oh fuck, baby, please!" I hadn't meant to say it, but I had. His reaction

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▾ FETISHISM LETTERS



made me tremble with anticipation.

He growled, squeezed my ass, and thrustured into me fast and hard, rocking me forward so I had to brace myself. I lifted up on my tiptoes as he gave me a few good strokes with his dick, rocking me forward and then pulling me back over and over again. I squeezed my internal muscles around him to push him a little. He growled again, sounding like a beast. An animal. I gasped at how excited it made me.

He pulled out of me suddenly, and I groaned. He squatted down behind me and began to roll one of the stockings down slowly, reverently. He repeated it on the other side until my legs were bare.

"Let me show you the last one, okay?"

I nodded, my body aching to be filled back up. I wanted his cock in me, and I wanted to come. I wanted to see his face when he came. I wanted to hear that animal growl again.

He handed me a small bag and I opened it. It unrolled much farther than I anticipated. He hadn't just brought me stockings, he'd brought me a fence-net bodysuit.

It took both of us to get me into it with me giggling the whole time, but then I stood there in my bodysuit, nipples poking through the openings, toes doing the same.

"Not much to it, is there?" I said.

"That's the point," Robert said. He pushed his fingers through one of the openings and slid them into my pussy. He flexed his fingers, stroking my G-spot and I hummed, arching up to get more.

He pushed my legs wide, putting his hands on my thighs, fingers moving restlessly over the fence net. His mouth covered my mound and then his tongue nudged my clit. I hissed and pushed my pussy up against his mouth shamelessly. His tongue invaded me, sliding over my engorged nub, sucking, licking me slowly.

I tried to stay still, pointing my toes, flexing my legs, but I could barely stand it. His finger drove into me again, and I gripped the bedsheets tightly.

"Right there. Like that. Right there. Yeah, like that..." I found myself chanting it.

Robert gave me what I wanted until I came, slamming my body up to meet his seeking tongue. Wetness rushed out of me, making him groan, making him growl.

I pushed him back and rolled to my belly, shoving my hands beneath my hipbones, raising my hips. "Fuck me," I demanded.

The bodysuit was more holes than suit.

He got between my thighs, plucking the strings as if I were his instrument. He pulled my hips up a little more and pushed his cock into me. The angle

"I LIFTED UP ON MY TIPTOES AS HE GAVE ME A FEW GOOD STROKES WITH HIS DICK, ROCKING ME FORWARD."

was perfect, my wetness was perfect. I was so close to coming all over again, I thought I'd cry.

"That's it, baby, fuck me hard," I murmured.

He pounded into me, his rhythm so fast it stole my breath. I hovered there on the verge of release, so when he withdrew I let out a surprised cry.

He rolled me to my back and pinched my nipples where they jutted through the gaps. He sucked them slowly, teasing me. He used his teeth and I snarled like some wild animal.

With a chuckle, he pushed my legs apart and slid into me, his gaze pinned to mine. "I like this one the best; can you tell?"

I nodded mindlessly, focusing on the feeling of his pubic bone slamming my clitoris with every thrust.

"Me, too," I muttered as I came.

I gripped his biceps tightly and felt him hit his limit. He emptied into me with a groan, his fingers still playing restlessly over the strings of my new favorite bodysuit.

—T.V., via email

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your fetish with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: Penthouse Variations, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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“IF YOU LEAVE ME UP TO MY OWN
DEVICES, I CAN STILL MANAGE TO GET
UP TO NO GOOD.”

—UMA



PRIMAL PUNISHMENT

Grace learns that acting like a brat will only get her punished.

By Jason Teals

Grace snapped at me for the third time since I'd been home. I handed her the pen she requested and tried to keep my calm. She'd had a bad day, but so had I. The only thing that distracted me from her curtness was the fact that she wore my favorite dress, a form-fitting, wrap dress in deep teal. It tied around her small waist and accented her amazing tits.

"Rough day, sweetheart?" I tried.

She shook her head, lips pressed together tightly. She looked far beyond annoyed as she attempted to clear the dining-room table. Our dinner was cooking in the oven and she wanted to sit and eat "like civilized people." Problem was, the table was full of clutter from our busy week.

She bent over to grab a bag off the chair and I got a great shot of her round, firm ass in that dress. "We really have to stop leaving our shit everywhere," she said, thrusting the bag at me. I took it and tried not to smile. If I was amused, it would only piss her off more.

I moved another bag perched at the end and she said, "Leave it. I'll get it!"

The table was Grace's trigger. She liked it neat and orderly. The rest of the house could be caving in as long as the dining-room table appeared pristine and orderly.

I snagged her waving arm, my fingers closing around her thin wrist, and gave her just enough pressure to halt her temper tantrum.

Her blue eyes widened and her mouth pursed in a lovely "O" of

surprise, a dick-sucking "O" if ever there was one.

I reeled her in, tugging her to me, and yanked her flush against my body. "Grace?"

She opened her mouth, but no sound emerged until finally she managed a "Yes?"

"Stop behaving like a brat, or I will treat you like a brat."

I laid a single blow down on her ass cheek and felt it rumble through her body. The breath rushed out of her and she stared at me.

"It's frustrating me," she said.

"I know."

"And you don't care."

"I do—" I attempted. I wanted to explain we'd both had a busy week and that's when the clutter tended to gather on her precious table. But she was having none of it.

"No, you don't! You say you do, but—"

I cut her off. I turned her quickly so she had to throw her hands out in front of her, bracing herself against the table.

I didn't tell her to count or ask her to apologize or even encourage her to talk. I simple started spanking her. Right over her fashionable teal dress.

I alternated blows, not holding back. Her luscious ass bounced with every blow, and she cried out in outrage more than pain.

"I don't think this is working," I growled. I knew the roughness in my voice would put goosebumps along her skin and make those amazing pink nipples turn to stone.

I reached around and found the tie and yanked it. The bow unfurled and the dress sagged. I peeled it back and pulled it off. I dropped it on the table in front of her just to hear her hiss





with frustration. I slid my teeth down the nape of her neck, nibbling at her. I slowly helped her free of her bra. When I reached around and palmed those amazing tits, her nipples were hard and pointed against my skin. I squeezed and heard her moan. It sounded begrudging but genuine.

She was grinding her plump ass against me. My cock stiffened instantly. I'd get there eventually, but I wasn't done delivering her punishment.

I slid my hands against her soft silk panties. Her body relaxed and I smiled.

**“WHEN SHE WAS
PRACTICALLY
LEANING BACK ON
ME, I SMACKED HER
ASS SO HARD MY
HAND ACHED.”**

When she was practically leaning back on me, I smacked her ass so hard my hand ached.

“Oh, God!” she yelled, but there was some purr buried beneath her outrage.

“That’s what bad girls get, Grace. They get punished for being brats.”

I continued in a fast flurry of blows. She squirmed and tried to move away. I placed my free hand on the small of her back and pressed firmly to keep her steady. She panted but stilled beneath my hand. She also pressed her ass back toward me, whether she

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➤ SPANKING



knew it or not.

I smiled and ran my finger up the cleft of her ass crack, driving the soft fabric against her skin.

I leaned over her, pressing my chest against her back. “I still don’t think that will do, Grace,” I said against her earlobe.

She shivered against me and gasped. I pushed her panties down, but I did it nice and slowly. Taking my time. Watching her tremble and trying to be calm and aloof.

“I know you’re frustrated but you need to work with me, not bark orders at me. Do you understand?”

She didn’t respond.

“I see,” I said.

Then I pushed my hand against her back and held her even lower to the table. Her breasts pressed against a small stack of books. A pile of mail slid along the table. I didn’t pay any attention because part of Grace was paying all the attention. It would be driving her crazy until I distracted her.

I laid down heavy blows, admiring the way her ass shook and the way my handprint sprang up on her pale skin like red flowers blooming in the snow.

She gasped and squirmed and trembled, but she also pushed back to

“I SMILED AND RAN MY FINGER UP THE CLEFT OF HER ASS CRACK, DRIVING THE SOFT FABRIC AGAINST HER SKIN.”

take it. Her alluring body warred with itself as she tried to get away from me and closer to me at the same time.

“Please!” she finally howled.

I chuckled at her begrudging defeat.

I turned her to face me and said, “I think you should suck my dick, Grace.”

She wanted to protest, but her tongue snaked out and she licked her lips. My cock ached to be buried in her mouth’s warm, slick recesses. I put my hand on top of her head and gave her some gentle pressure. My Grace dropped to her knees as easy as you please.

I ran my cockhead along her lush lips and watched her tongue dart out to

taste me. Her eyes were glazed. She was spank-drunk and eager to have my cock inside her. I could tell by the way she moved, the noises she made, the way her breathing was fast and soft.

She parted her lips and took me in, driving her mouth down my shaft eagerly. Her hand slipped between her thighs and she stroked her clit.

“You can play a little but don’t you come, Grace,” I warned, “or I won’t fuck you.”

She groaned and the vibration pounded up through my cock into my pelvis. I thrust against her enthusiastic mouth, feeling her slick tongue drag up the back of my dick. It was heaven. The only thing better than fucking Grace’s mouth was fucking her pussy.

I drove past her lips a few more times, relishing the pressure of her drawing on me. Her small hand worked furiously at her sex, but she was a good girl and didn’t come. I could tell she was close. She wanted to, but she obeyed me.

Finally, I rewarded her. I took her long hair in my hand and tugged at it roughly.

Her big eyes were shiny and stunned. She stood and I kissed her pretty mouth. “Now, where were we?”

I turned her again gave her a few good swats just to rev up her engine again. Grace whimpered and sobbed softly. “Please, baby...”

“Oh, what, love? Do you need to be fucked?” I asked, positioning her again. Her hands were on our messy table, her legs spread wide. I drove my fingers into her cunt and found her wet like a river. Soaked.

“I think you’re still nice and wet. How about I give you that fuck you need, sweetheart?”

She was nodding repeatedly. Her hair in her face. Her body taut with want.

I slid just the tip along her wet slit and she bucked. Gasped.

“You were a good girl,” I murmured.



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"Sucked my dick just the way I like."

I slid into her as slowly as I could manage. Making her wait. Stretching her tight pussy inch by inch.

I held my hand against her ass so that she couldn't press back against me. She had to wait for me to give it to her in my own time. I played my thumb across her back hole and watched her buck. I laughed softly and she bristled.

I did it again and this time she didn't move. So I pushed my thumb into her ass while I fucked her. I sped up and felt her cunt grip me tightly. She was so close to coming it was crazy. I dragged my finger down the ladder of her spine and watched goosebumps pucker her smooth skin. That's how I knew I had Grace—goosebumps.

"Does that feel good, Grace?" I pushed my thumb a little deeper, fucked her a little faster.

She nodded, her hair swinging against the table.

"Tell me," I demanded.

"Yes. It feels good," she said. "So good."

She tried to move back against me, to take me faster, but I held my hand against her and kept her steady. I slowed down just a bit and she whimpered.

"Are you going to come for me, Grace?"

"Yes, yes..." she chanted desperately. She tried to move back against me again and I continued to hold her back.

"Please, baby—" she grunted, her body writhing. She shoved her hand down and started to stroke her clit. I didn't stop her.

"Please what?"

"Please let me come."

I gave in. I grabbed her curvy hips and held her tight. I drove into her, finding my rhythm, fucking her deep and fast. She slammed herself back against me, taking me as deep as she

could. Her pussy gripped me and I ground my teeth together to hold on. I dug my fingers into the meat of her hips and felt her pussy spasm around me.


She let out a cry, her finger brushing my balls as she stroked her clit furiously.

"I'm coming, baby," she sighed.

She was insanely wet as I took her the way I needed. I slid into her slick pussy. At the last minute, I pulled free and stroked myself to orgasm, painting the red handprints on her sweet ass with my cum.

She was sprawled, panting, and the oven timer dinged. Somehow this amused both of us. Grace righted herself, attempted to fix her crazy hair, and smiled. "I'll finish clearing the table, and you can get that out and grab plates."

I winked at her. "See that?"

Teamwork." 



PUTTING HER THROUGH MY PAGES

A newbie submissive is taken to a sex shop with her domme to get the ultimate education in sustaining pleasure.

By Avery Pines

Unless you're on the inside of the S&M community, it's easy to assume that the dominant is always in control. Beyond what Hollywood or certain horribly written books portray of our community, it's true that we submissives are capable of putting on that good, uninhibited show of being completely overpowered. We would be remiss if we didn't!

And yet, besides the "safe, sane, and consensual" part of any healthy BDSM affair, at the end of the day it's the guy getting spanked, or the girl who gets tied up, or what have you—they are the ones who are controlling the fun. To surrender is to gain ultimate control, but I didn't believe it, nor did I even begin to understand this concept until I properly lived it.

Once upon a time in college, I mistakenly equated submissiveness with being a doormat, and without anything remotely kinky ever happening, all the guys I dated—and later on the girls as well—walked all over me. So desperate to please everyone, I went through one messy codependent situation after another before I took a hiatus from dating. With my family's encouragement, I signed up for a graduate-level internship abroad with a large publishing company and moved to a large city in the UK.

As they say, when you aren't looking is when you find what you need. Sure enough, it was during this time when I was busy focusing on myself and enjoying life in a new country that I ended up connecting with my current mistress, Dianna. She is in her mid-thirties and already highly regarded in our field. She is everything I aspire to become.

I can't divulge specific details about

our meeting, as that might put my mistress in professional jeopardy. Suffice it to say we met through my work. Of course, we had to be careful to keep our obvious chemistry and blossoming affair under wraps during the day.

However, one night when I was staying after hours on a big project, she called me and demanded that I drop everything and come into her office.

**"I COULD FEEL
DIANA'S EYES
ROVING UP MY
THICK THIGHS
AND FIXATING
ON MY ASS."**

I tried not appear giddy in front of my colleagues, who were concerned that maybe I was getting reprimanded.

I got up from my desk and smoothed down my short plaid jumper as I walked. I adore those sorts of retro-style dresses where you can count on just enough of an A-line skirt to flare out enticingly below your bottom. Dianna liked it, too.

My mistress is a voluptuous British brunette who towers over me physically, even when she isn't wearing heels. She was waiting for me, arms folded, when I approached.

"Shut the door behind you," Dianna said sternly.

I silently obeyed.

Dianna sighed. "You know I prefer to keep our private and professional activities separate, don't you?"

"Yes." I cleared my throat. "Yes, mistress."

Dianna began pacing and circling me. "Then I want you to think about how much it upsets me when you force my hand. Think on it long and hard."

"I—I don't understand what you mean?"

Dianna's nostrils flared. She grabbed my arm and led me straight to her desk. "I cannot have you using company time to mess around—or whatever it is that you do when you need to be polishing manuscripts! Look at this rubbish!"

I saw my latest copyediting assignment covered in red ink. "I—I..." All I could do was stammer and sputter.

Dianna rolled her eyes. "Obviously you want me to punish you. And you know I enjoy punishing you, so it's really a shame that you think you need to stoop to these antics to have my attention. We can't go home and play if you do not know how to work!"

"I am so sorry—I honestly don't know how I managed to overlook these errors." At that point I was trembling in earnest as I sank to my knees. "Forgive me, please?"

Dianna sighed and shook her head. "Get up." There was a pause, and then she added: "Lift your skirt, then put both hands on the desk."

My heart soared as I followed her orders. That day, I was wearing opaque black thigh-highs and cute lace tanga panties that accentuated my bottom. I have a petite figure and smaller breasts but somehow still was blessed with a heart-shaped ass. I could feel Dianna's eyes roving up my thick thighs and fixating on my ass—which had been a

focal point as of late in our play.

"Now, don't think for a minute that I'm going to suffer or encourage your bad behavior." Dianna lifted her dress to reveal she was wearing a small strap-on. "But," she gestured to the botched manuscript, "I simply cannot let this go unaddressed."

My pussy flooded with tingles—I loved it when Dianna took me with a strap-on. But I bowed my head to show obedience. "Yes, mistress. I understand."

Dianna sighed again and went rummaging through her bag, pulling out a small pink butt plug. She presented it to me. "I trust I don't have to do everything myself?"

I eagerly began licking the plug, knowing exactly what was coming next.

Dianna swatted my ass. "Faster! Come on, it shouldn't take this long for you to get it soaked!"

I audibly sucked and slurped the toy, nodding my head at her.

"Good, that's better." Dianna took the plug away and pulled down my "knickers," as she called them. "I hope you realize this is for your own good."

I gasped as I felt the toy going in my ass, widening my tightest entrance. "Yes...yes, mistress. Thank you for helping me."

Satisfied that the plug was in place, Dianna nodded and gave me a little swat on the bum. "All right then, turn around. You know what to do next—and I want no monkey business from you, young lady."

Her stern British schoolmarm persona made me so horny when it came out during playtime! I eagerly got down on my knees and began fellating Dianna's strap-on cock. As I gagged and deep-throated the dildo, Dianna ran her hands through my straight auburn hair—she had a way of showing tenderness at the most unexpected and carnal times.

"Deeper! I know you can take it all the way down now," she coached me.

I took a deep breath and swallowed



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SEX TOYS



the entire shaft down my throat. Now, fair disclaimer to any newbies reading: This is a skill that takes practice. Don't try this without proper guidance and/or training with a good domme. Always have a safe word for playtime, or, in the case of having one's mouth full, establish a safe gesture in case you need to stop. (If I raise my left hand, Dianna knows it's too much and we stop—oxygen deprivation and brain-cell death are never sexy!)

Dianna thrust her hips forward and continued to face-fuck me for several minutes. With the plug still firmly inside my ass, my poor little pussy was tense with desire. Anticipation was everything, and Dianna knew how to make the most of mine.

After choking and spitting on Dianna's toy to her satisfaction, my mistress gently guided me up to a standing position. "Sit on my desk and spread your knees."

Once I assumed the position, my no-nonsense mistress plunged her strap-on cock inside of me to the hilt.

I cried out and bit my lip. After all, even with most everyone gone, this was still our office. But of course, the intense

pleasure of being DP'ed with the dildo and the plug was nothing I could ever bury—nor did I want to.

Dianna slid one of her fingers into my mouth for me to suck and then drilled me with the dildo to the point where my ass was happily bouncing up to meet her every incoming thrust.

"Mmm! Yes! Oh, mistress...please, fuck me," I warbled while my legs were wrapped around her.

Dianna smiled, but then her face grew stern. She took her finger from my mouth and then withdrew the dildo so my wet pussy was left clenching and aching as it searched for the pleasure it had enjoyed mere moments before. And then she pulled out the plug, leaving my poor ass to gape in its absence. "Avery, I want you to understand that this is for your own good."

I sat there, stunned as she set about wiping our toys down with a cloth—no afterglow, no fuss, just null. I was dying to come, but I didn't dare touch myself.

Dianna looked over at me again and bristled: "For God's sake, fix your knickers and skirt and get back to work. Now that I know you are in fact capable of focusing on a single task, I'll deal with you later."

**"DIANNA THRUSTED
HER HIPS FORWARD
AND CONTINUED
TO FACE-FUCK
ME FOR SEVERAL
MINUTES."**

I hung my head in shame and obeyed, retrieving my panties from the floor.

"And be sure to take that hideous manuscript with you," Dianna snapped. "I want the corrections on my desk first thing tomorrow—or there will be real hell to pay!"

As sharp and cold as Dianna might seem in print here, I was motivated like never before to do my best work—which, a couple years later, actually landed me my dream job. In fact, everything Dianna has ever done for me as a domme has been out of loving concern and to promote my best interests. Yes, even with the occasional punishment or orgasm denial, I've gone from doormat to cherished equal.

When Friday morning rolled around and I gave her the revised and perfected piece, my mistress was beyond generous and appreciative. First, Dianna instructed me that I was to enjoy a long lunch and leave for the weekend a half-hour early. She would send a car for me at 7pm. I couldn't wait—all day my pussy soaked my panties as I thought about what we were going to do later on.

At 7pm on the dot, a black car pulled up to my flat. But to my surprise, Dianna was sitting in the back seat. She was wearing her elegant mink coat and black leather gloves. "Hello, pet. Get in."

I smiled and took her hand, kissing it. "Where are we going?"



She kissed me on the cheek. "It's a little surprise. But I do think you're going to enjoy it."

When the car pulled up to a sex shop we frequented, I was confused. "We're going to Collette's?"

Dianna tsked at me as the car pulled away. "Don't be insolent, girl."

Collette's was our go-to place for new toys and accessories. The store was owned by Mathilde—or as she preferred to be called, Matty—who was an older butch domme with silvery hair who originally came from the Netherlands. Even though we were there well outside of regular business hours, she was there to let us in.

"Hello, Dianna. Glad you made it." She looked me over. "Remind me who this sweet spinner is?"

My mistress smiled. "This is Avery."

"May I?" Matty asked.

Dianna nodded. "Of course."

Matty took my hand and kissed it. "You are utterly exquisite, Avery. Gorgeous green eyes—you're just a little foxy fox, aren't you?"

I blushed and demurred—but Dianna corrected me: "Avery, say thank you."

I blushed even more. "Thank you, Miss Matty."

"We are working on accepting compliments properly," Dianna added, running her hands through my long, straight hair. "Aren't we?"

"Yes, mistress," I nodded.

Matty chuckled. "Well, if you go straight down those stairs, you'll find all kinds of things to help. Feel free to enjoy it all."

"I cannot thank you enough for this favor," Dianna said.

Matty shook her head and chuckled more. "Don't be silly—you're doing me a favor by trying it all out."

"Will you be down to watch?" Dianna asked.

"Oh, yes, see you in a bit." Matty smiled and waved us off.

Dianna took my hand and guided me down the steps to the cellar of the brownstone, which had been completely renovated. This was hardly a scary or off-putting sex dungeon, thanks to the

nice recessed lights and posh seating area in the center. But all around the room's perimeter, there were different "activity stations."

As we took our coats off, Dianna must have seen that my eyes were as wide as saucers.

Dianna laughed and pulled me in for a kiss. My knees swooned in her protective embrace. "Now don't get overwhelmed," she said. "There'll be plenty of time for play here, but your performance this past week got me thinking I should help you improve your multitasking skills."

"Yes, mistress. Whatever you think is best."

Dianna patted me on the bum. "Take everything off but your stockings and garter belt."

I eagerly complied. Dianna led me past a cross and a bench, all the way to a Sybian toy. I already felt wet thinking of the pleasurable vibrations I knew these produced.

"Go on—I know you're already wet so you can just mount the phallus—that's

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right." Dianna helped me get into position. She picked up the remote control and turned the toy on at its lowest setting. "All right, I want you to just 'marinate' a bit like this for a moment."

I moaned loudly. "Oh, my God..."

If you haven't ridden a Sybian before, what you have is not only a flexible dildo to ride to your heart's content, but also a whole vibrating panel that massages your outer lips and makes your clit want

"DIANNA SWATTED ME WITH THE RIDING CROP AND WORKED WITH MY NIPPLES MORE."

to burst. If I owned one I would never be able walk again—and I feel the same way about the electric wands that you can plug in.

Dianna cranked up the speed a little more and sat behind me to squeeze and pinch my nipples.

I whimpered in pleasure and wiggled my hips so the machine could stimulate my clit more.

"This is nothing, girl, compared to what you've put me through this week." As Dianna continued to play with my breasts, I could feel the pleasure mounting.

"Oh—oh, God. Please..."

"Yes? Well? What is it?" Dianna looked at me quizzically; got to love the British for knowing when to be "dry" at the perfect time.

I moaned and gasped. "C—can I come, please? Please, mistress?"

Dianna sighed. "Very well. You did turn in good work, so as a reward..." Her voice trailed off and she cranked up the Sybian even higher.

"Ahhh! Yes!" I squealed, feeling the waves of orgasm starting to hit me.

Dianna resumed her torment of my nipples as I came, and then she held me in her arms for a moment.

I closed my eyes and tried to catch my breath.

"Good, yes?" I heard Matty's voice from across the room.

Dianna laughed. "You see what we have here?"

"Ah, well, you can spoil her. It's the weekend."

I opened my eyes and smiled. "That was incredible!"

Dianna gave me a sideways glance. "Well, that isn't all. Come and take a look at this."

We got up and walked over to a whole other station where there was a cushion, some body pillows for positioning, and a fucking machine with various sized dongs all around.

Matty followed us. "This is brand-new. Dianna, I've only told you and a couple other good clients. I just got this in from back home, and as it happens, your girl will be the first to try it."

My mistress grinned at me. "What do you think, Avery?"

"It looks a little intimidating, but fun." I looked over the different dildo attachments.

"You can customize whatever you want—or don't want," Matty said.

"I think this girl needs a good drilling—in both her holes." Dianna folded her arms.

My clit tingled at her stern tone.

"Wise choice," Matty nodded. "Let me show you how to set this up."

We ultimately decided I would try the machine doggy-style to start, and I gasped audibly before the machine started to move. I love my strap-on and plug action with Dianna to bits, but the fucking machine took me to another planet.

As I felt the cocks slide in and out of my ass and pussy, Dianna swatted me with the riding crop and worked with



my nipples more. Sometimes she would even reach down to stimulate my clit in encouragement. But no coming—that was the firm rule.

“Don’t you dare. Not yet,” Dianna admonished me. “I want you to go at least a half-hour.”

Thanks to the marvels of engineering, the next thirty minutes of my life were an orgasmic haze. Dianna had allowed me release on the Sybian, but with the fucking machines, she was teaching me control.

To keep me in line, she would periodically increase my pain with the spankings or nipple pinching, but for the most part, Dianna was a sympathetic coach who kept looking at her phone. “Another minute—one more.”

My face was covered in sweat and my whole body flushed when Dianna permitted my release. In fact, I actually squirted and made a puddle of pussy juice on the floor beneath. “Oh, my God—ohhhh!” The sensations shooting through me were electric.


Matty laughed. “Oh, wow.”

As my arms and legs gave out from such an intense orgasm, my mistress swooped in to catch me.

“There we go.” She gently withdrew both toys from my soaking and sated holes as I wobbled and panted. “Do I need to ask how that was?” She was almost worried as she looked me over.

All I could do in my post-orgasm euphoria was giggle at her.

Dianna broke into a laugh and kissed me on the forehead. “Well, I see you’re much improved now.”

My mistress and I continue to visit the private dungeon beneath our local sex shop. And Dianna has continued my training with the machines. She wants to see if I can last longer than Matty’s new sub, and I’m promised a sizable reward if I do. Before Dianna came into my life, I used to shy away from competition and struggled with my confidence—but now? Game on! 





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ALWAYS A TREAT

Don't get me wrong: When it comes to dating I think personality absolutely matters; but when I was younger, I dated some incompatible and contrary women all because they had big boobs. It's not that I was trying to be shallow, but to this day, nothing gets me more revved-up than a babe with a pendulous natural rack.

No offense to the gals out there with enhancements—the bigger the better, and the more power to you ladies! But in my opinion, you can't beat the softness and slope of the real deal. Large, natural, milky tits with big nipples (with areolas the size of silver dollars) have been my “thing” since I can remember. I can never get enough!

I have stacks of big-tit magazines and a few flash drives full of movies that I've collected over the years. I know I can't be the only guy out there who would die

a happy man in a soft and fleshy “motor boating” accident!

When I finally wised up and decided that I wanted more than just porn fantasies and occasional busty flings in my life, I worried that maybe I would never find the “total package”—i.e., magnificent mammaries attached to a babe with a magnificent (and compatible) personality. My mid-thirties were creeping up, and dating was not as fun as it used to be.

Lucky for me, though, last year I met Delia—she's a friend of an old coworker's wife. She bowled me over right away—and no, not just in “that” way—I mean, with her sense of humor. Delia never seems to stop laughing or smiling. She's warm and vivacious in a way that puts most people at ease very quickly, which is a good thing because when we were introduced, I almost lost my nerve.

You see, she's totally out of my league. I'm a slim-built shorter guy who started balding in my late twenties. But

my Delia is a 5'2" stunner with glossy shoulder-length chocolate brown hair, blue eyes, and an incredible hourglass shape that includes some nice thick thighs and a bountiful ass. However, as for her “large front porch,” we joke now that because she sometimes goes by “Dee Dee,” it would be perfect to say she's a DD-cup; but Delia's amazing boobs are actually closer to like an E or maybe even an F-cup!

I have no idea how my sweet Delia even walks upright, much less avoids back pain; but it's not my place to question what are either the laws of physics or a divine miracle. Of course, the real miracle here is that a babe like her actually went for a dork like me—and we mesh “tit for tat”!

Plus, since Delia's also a huge sports fan, our first official date was not some high-pressure situation, but a chill night out to watch the football game and eat some wings at a local watering hole. She wore this dark purple scoop-neck sweater that made the most of her curves. I've never gotten hard while eating, and not many things can distract me from football—until I sat across from Delia.

Now, here's the best part: At some point when our guys got the touchdown, everyone was yelling and cheering, and Delia, who had been eating a wing, accidentally got some barbecue sauce RIGHT THERE, smack-dab in the middle of her epic cleavage. The little chicken bone bounced off her tits and rolled back onto the plate, leaving a trail of sweet honey BBQ. She looked up at me, saw me staring, and broke into laughter.

“That's some touchdown you had there!” I handed her some napkins.

“At least I didn't get any on my sweater!” Delia smiled and neatly dabbed the corners of her mouth, which then transformed into a mischievous smile. “I should really go to the bathroom to scrub off this sauce properly.”

“Oh sure, no problem. It's just over there.”



**“DELIA MAKES ME
WATCH AS SHE
SMEARS SOFTENED
BUTTER AND FRESH
JAM ALL AROUND
HER NIPPLES.”**



Delia smiled at me again and leaned closer so she was whispering in my ear: “And I think you should follow me.”

Not even ninety seconds later, we were making out passionately in the single-occupancy lady’s room. Delia stroked my cock through my jeans and kissed the sides of my ears. “Go on, Jason. I know what you want to do.”

Did she ever! I kissed my way down her neck and then dove in to that sumptuous décolleté with my tongue. I licked every last trace of sauce away and cupped her gigantic breasts.

“Goddamn, you’re so gorgeous. Can I please see them?”

Delia giggled. “I suppose you can have a little peek.” She hopped up on the vanity counter and lifted off her sweater, revealing a lacy black bra that was stuffed to the max. She kissed me again and said, “It makes me so wet when you pay attention to them.”

I thought my dick was going to rocket off and go through the wall. “Don’t worry, baby,” I said, “I’m going to give them all the devotion that they deserve.” I peeled off her shoulder straps and unhooked the massive clasp in the back, liberating those bountiful breasts from their confines.

As her breasts were way more than a mouthful, I strained to open as wide as possible and fill up on her sumptuous flesh. Delia’s nipples are so circular and

generously sized, they remind me of beautiful pink peonies.

“Mmm, Jason,” Delia moaned, “don’t stop.”

I slid my hand up her skirt and found her soaking pussy. She squirmed and moaned louder as I began stroking her clit while I sucked on her nipples.

“Oh, my God, I want you so bad,” I groaned and nuzzled into that soft cavern between her incredible twin peaks.

“Mmm, then let’s not wait.” Delia sat up and grabbed my belt buckle. “Let me taste your cock first.”

We positioned ourselves so she could give me a blowjob and titty-fuck all in one. She took me to the very brink and then guided my slick member into her waiting, wet cunt.

As we enjoyed our tryst on the bathroom counter, the view of her breasts bouncing and bobbling all over the place took me to heaven. However, it was ultimately the look of ecstasy on Delia’s face when she was cumming that sent me over the edge. From then on, all I’ve wanted to do is please her, and I’m happy to say that we’ve been together ever since!

The only other thing that drives me wilder than worshiping a pair of big beautiful boobs is the opportunity to lick delicious things off of them. As such, the “spill” on our first date was serendipitous.

I don’t know if I would call my proclivity an “eating fetish” exactly, but I blame my old college girlfriend and a leftover can of whipped cream for starting me down that garden path, which has definitely gotten more intriguing over the years. Until I met Delia, though, I never thought I would find someone who understood, much less shared the arousal. But with her, there’s never been any doubt.

On our fourth date, we did a cookout at her place, and afterwards Delia decided to surprise me with dessert. Wearing nothing but a half-apron, she sauntered into the living room with a single ice-cream cone stacked high with homemade strawberry ice cream. Watching her make the ice cream melt and pool all over her boobs almost made me cum in my pants.

My jaw hit the floor: “Oh, my God... get over here!”

Delia laughed and licked the ice-cream cone. “I hope you saved room...” And then she cutely squealed: “Ooh! This is getting cold!”

I quickly polished her nipples clean, but Delia insisted I hold off so she could give me a nice, sticky titty fuck—which eventually turned into a soapy one in the bubble bath.

These days, my life is perfect: toast with butter? No, thanks, I’ll take tits with butter! Delia is a gourmand in the

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**“I LICKED EVERY
LAST TRACE OF
SAUCE AWAY AND
CUPPED HER
GIGANTIC BREASTS.”**

kitchen, so I have gotten to sample and savor all different kinds of luxurious European butter. In fact, we love to do a lazy Sunday morning “breakfast” in bed.

Delia makes me watch (no touching!) as she smears softened butter and fresh jam all around her nipples—or sometimes Nutella. And then she mounts my stiff cock and we fuck while I try to lick everything off before I cum. I always end up with a sticky chin and face, but it’s all good!

And don’t think for a minute that our fun is ever one-sided. Delia loves to eat things off my dick, too, and once she gets it nice and slick with her saliva, she wraps her giant jugs around my piston and pumps me until she gets a second helping.

This brings me to our latest adventure, which happened back on New Year’s Eve. Instead of going out and dealing with crowds, we stayed in, fixed a nice meal, and popped open a bottle of champagne.

“Wait!” Delia said as I went to pour. “I almost forgot something.”

She hurried into the kitchen and returned with two extra champagne glasses. Delia smiled at me and held them up enticingly. “What do you think?”

I kissed her. “Of course those beautiful breasts need a little champagne, too.”

“Only a little, now,” Delia said, winking.

After we toasted to the New Year and had a nice, long kiss, Delia shimmied out of her sexy strapless dress. She eased her breasts into the waiting glasses, careful not to overflow the bubbly, but



some things just can’t be helped!

“Cheers, love,” Delia giggled and sat up, showing me the fine trail of pearly bubbles dribbling down her nipples.

I licked my lips and dove in mouth-first.

We stayed in front of the fireplace making love, and when I ran out of champagne to pour on her tits, I had another nightcap tasting her sweet pussy. But Delia still wanted more, so she got on all fours and made me fuck her doggy-style—which I did while holding fast to her swaying boobs.

Delia looked back at me: “Just make sure I get to swallow that load.”

I slipped one of my hands down to tease her clit as we kept on fucking. “Anything for you, baby.” I kissed her neck and savored every sensation; truly every day and night with Delia is a treat.

—J.V., via email

HANDS-ON LESSON

It was my senior year of college, and I’d already finished my required courses for my major, so I decided to expand my horizons. Learn new things, pick up classes I’d never considered. My course load for fall semester consisted of Tap Dance 101,

Intro to Ethnography, Gender and Sexuality, and Intro to Beekeeping.

Gender and Sexuality might seem like a weird choice for a twenty-two-year-old dude who plays Ultimate Frisbee, but I have three sisters who love harping at me about feminism. I was already a self-proclaimed feminist—mostly because I knew it was the right thing to do—but I admittedly didn’t know that much about it.

Well, it was an eye-opener. Lots of sad stuff about oppression and abuse, the patriarchy, and all that, but I also learned some cool historical facts. (Did you know the suffragettes practiced jiu-jitsu for self-defense?) As a bonus, the class was full of hot women. That’s not the most progressive thing to admit, but I would be lying if I said I didn’t notice.

Carly caught my eye from week one. She had flaming red hair, a slamming body, and strong opinions. By the time midterms came around, I was crushing on her so hard it wasn’t funny.

I had the confidence to ask her over for a study session one night. I didn’t expect her to jump on my dick or anything, but I figured if there was chemistry, maybe we could go out for drinks sometime.

She showed up at my newly cleaned dorm room with a pile of notes and a pizza. My dream girl. We studied for a

few hours, and our conversation was lively and spiced with flirtation. Tension pulsed between us, that kind of raw physical energy that told me we'd be dynamite in the bedroom.

The conversation turned to sex and feminism, and I brought up something I'd been wondering about. "Consent is obviously important," I said. "I get that. But now I'm hearing about affirmative consent. What's that?"

"It just means both parties have to clearly say or indicate yes. So just silence isn't affirmative consent."

"How do you bring that kind of thing up, though? It seems weird to interrupt a hookup to ask about consent."

Carly laughed. "You can do it without being weird about it. It just takes some creativity." She eyed me speculatively, and it was hard not to squirm under that hot gaze. "Here, let me show you. Stand up."

I shot to my feet faster than a Jack-in-the-Box. My dick started to harden, and I willed it down. She wasn't going to ask me if I wanted to fuck her, was she? Because if so, hell to the fucking yes.

"Now," she said, standing in front of me, "consent doesn't have to be some awkward question. It can be dirty talk."

My dick stood fully at attention at that. I clasped my hands in front of me in an effort to disguise my erection.

She glanced down at my hands, and when she looked back up, her eyes shone with mischief. "So, let's say we were in a sexual situation. I might say, 'I've been fantasizing about your cock for months.'"

I almost choked. "Er, uh, that's great."

She rolled her eyes. "Clearly you have never done dirty talk."

That was true, but I wasn't about to let her get the best of me. I cleared my throat and tried to think of something hot. "So then I'd say, 'That's perfect, because I've been wondering how your pussy tastes.'"

She sucked in a breath, and her nipples hardened under her tank top.

I'd already checked the outlines—she wasn't wearing a bra. "And I'd say, 'I want you to taste it, but first I want to touch you and see if you're as big and hard as I imagined. Can I take off your pants?'"

"Yes," I said instantly, then backpedaled. "I mean, I would say yes. In this hypothetical scenario."

She grinned, sly as a cat, and stepped forward. Her hand landed on the button to my jeans, and she unhooked it slowly, never breaking eye contact. "Let's make this a more hands-on lesson."

Holy shit, if this was affirmative consent, I was fully onboard. Feminism was fucking awesome.

She dragged the zipper down, then reached inside, wrapping her hand around my cock. I felt the heat of it through my boxer briefs, and when she squeezed, my dick pulsed. "Mmm," she said, giving it a firm stroke. "It's even better than I imagined."

"Turnabout is fair play." I unbuttoned

her jeans, then pulled out of her grip just long enough to shove them to the floor. She wore tiny blue panties, which I eased down reverently to reveal a perfect pussy.

She tugged her shirt off, uncovering a tiny waist and gorgeous tits with little pink nipples. "I'm going to suck your nipples until they turn red," I told her, and when she moaned a little, I leaned in and did it. I toyed with the tight buds, licking and sucking them one at a time, using my fingers to pinch whichever one wasn't currently in my mouth. She sank her hands into my hair, pulling so hard it sent a little sting through my scalp.

When I finally pulled back, her nipples were red and swollen. I scraped a fingernail over one of them and she shuddered.

"I want to see you naked," she told me. She made quick work of my jeans, boxer briefs, and T-shirt. When we were equally naked, she stepped forward, pressing those fine curves against me. I



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inserted my thigh between her legs, and her pussy slid wet and soft against it.

"You're wet," I whispered in her ear.

"And you're hard," she said, gripping my dick again. "I want you to make me come, and then I want you to push me to my knees and shove your cock in my mouth."

Jesus. She didn't have to tell me twice. I reached between her legs, sliding one finger inside to test her wetness, then pulling it out to circle her clit. I repeated the motion over and over again, eventually moving to two fingers. She encouraged me with breathy sighs and murmured assents, and then her fingernails dug into my shoulder as her hips started pumping. She was close to coming, so I focused on her clit, rubbing in firm circles until she gasped and jerked against me. She crushed her mouth to mine, kissing me frantically.

When she was done, I pulled my fingers away and, while she watched, put them in my mouth and sucked her wetness off of them. She shuddered and her cheeks flushed. "That's so fucking hot," she said.

I was really getting the hang of this affirmative consent thing. "You're going

to suck my dick now," I told her, pressing her shoulders until she sank to the floor at my feet. She opened her mouth eagerly and I thrust my cock inside, moaning when she closed her lips around it. She sucked with enthusiasm, bobbing her head forward until my cock hit the back of her throat. The girl was voracious and extremely talented, and as I gripped her hair to guide her motions, I decided this was the best study date ever.

When I was close to coming, I pulled her off me. "I want to come in your pussy," I said.

Carly wiped her mouth and stood up. "How do you want to fuck me?"

Damn, she was hot, from her tousled red hair to her swollen nipples and plump pussy. I walked around her, studying every inch of my new goddess. "I want to fuck you from behind. I want you screaming under me as you come."

She shivered. "Only if you pull my hair."

"You like it rough, do you?"

She whimpered. "Yes, sir."

I guided her to the bed, bending her over so her torso and one knee rested on the mattress while her other foot

was on the floor. It opened her pussy to me, showing me how wet she was. She tightened her fingers in the sheets and rolled her hips in invitation. I retrieved a condom from my bedside drawer and rolled it on, although my fingers were shaking so much I almost didn't manage.

"I have a condom," I said, positioning myself at her entrance. "Now beg me for my cock."

"Please," she said instantly, turning her head to look back at me. "Please fuck me. Fuck me so hard and so deep I feel it all week. Fuck me—" She broke off with a gasp as I pushed in on one long stroke. I held her down as I buried myself to the hilt in her hot, wet pussy.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Yes. Now fuck me." She squeezed her inner muscles around me.

I started pumping, slowly at first, enjoying the drag of my cock in her tight vagina. She fit me perfectly, and as I moved, she moved with me, arching her round ass and going up on her toes to help me get even deeper. I reached beneath her hips with one hand to press her clitoris, then started thrusting in earnest. Deep, hard strokes, just how she wanted it. She cried out and clutched the sheets tighter.

"Do you like that?" I asked.

"Yes," she moaned.

"Tell me what you like." I'd never realized how powerful dirty talk would make me feel. She was at my mercy, forced to tell me every sordid thought in her head, and I'd never felt more in control.

"I like how deep you get," she said, pushing back against me. "I like how strong you are."

"You like my dick?"

"It's perfect." She arched her back, and I remembered her demand. I sank my fingers into her hair, clenching the strands near her scalp and using her hair as leverage as I pumped in and out of her body. She cried out. "Yes. Take whatever you want."

**“I HELD HER
DOWN AS I
BURIED MYSELF
TO THE HILT IN
HER HOT,
WET PUSSY.”**

What I wanted was to get her off hard and fast before giving in to the orgasm building in my balls and tingling at the base of my spine. I tugged her hair and pounded hard. My hand was still beneath her, and every thrust forced her swollen clitoris over my fingers. She came with a scream, and as her pussy clenched rhythmically around me, I swore and orgasmed with a sharp intensity that had me seeing stars.

When the tremors faded, I pulled out and collapsed next to her. We were both breathing hard. “Was that good?” I asked.

She looked at me through pleasure-hazed eyes. “It was incredible. You sure learn quickly.”

I grinned and stroked her sweat-dampened back. “I have the best tutor.” I wagged my eyebrows roguishly. “Any other feminist concepts I should learn tonight?”

She laughed. “Oh, baby, you have no idea.”

—V.F., via email

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it. Send your story to: Penthouse Variations, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email to: letters@penthouse.com



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